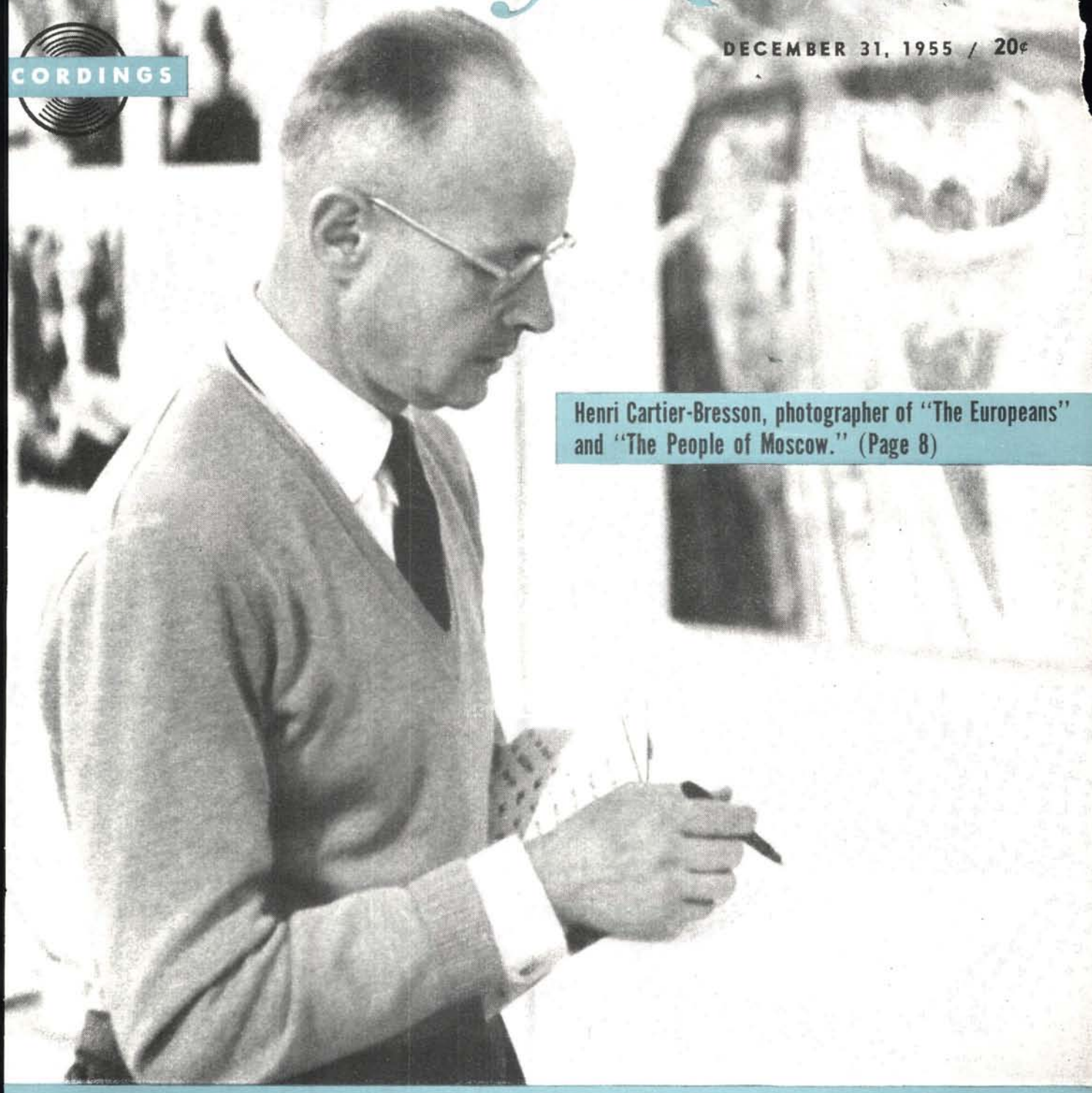
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 31, 1955 / 20¢

CORDINGS



Henri Cartier-Bresson, photographer of "The Europeans" and "The People of Moscow." (Page 8)

JOYCE CARY ON POLITICAL AND PERSONAL MORALITY

HIGH FIDELITY REDEFINED
By William S. Bachman

WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION
By Rice Clemow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

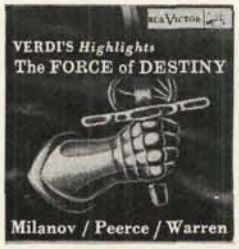
there is only one

MILANOV

...and she's on RCA VICTOR records!

Critics rarely shout or applaud—preferring to save their impressions for reviews. But not critic Louis Biancolli who wrote after one Milanov performance: "... the best since Muzio and Ponselle ... most moving pianissimo of our time." And he added: "I couldn't help 'bravoing' myself."

**Complete Verdi opera. Available on 3 Long Play records (LM-6122) $11.98



**Highlights. Milanov, Peerce, Warren, Moscona. Long Play (LM-1916) $3.98

Milanov recordings you'll want to own:

**A Milanov Recital. Songs by Schumann, Brahms, Richard Strauss, others. Long Play (LM-1915) $3.98

**Milanov Sings. Arias from Il Trovatore, Aida, and other operas. Long Play (LM-1777) $3.98

RCA VICTOR

***A "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity recording*

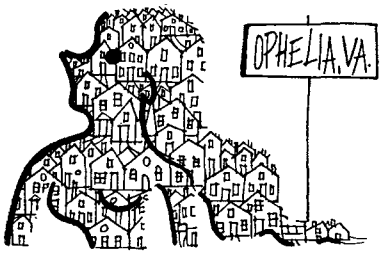
Nationally Advertised Prices.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In Richmond, James Branch Cabell revealed that he spends his holidays in Ophelia, Virginia. "Spelled as in Shakespeare?" queried Sterling North. "Certainly," answered Cabell. "Ophelia is a tiny hamlet." McBride



reports, incidentally, that the controversial Cabell autobiography, "As I Remember It," is selling at a pace reminiscent of "Jurgen" when it first appeared in 1919.

• • At the offices of William Morrow, big plans are being hatched for the February 1 unveiling of "My Brother Adlai," by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives with the collaboration of Hildy Dolson. Mrs. Ives was her brother's official hostess—and a mighty charming one, too—in the Governor's Mansion at Springfield, and is now dreaming of a White House Christmas.

• • In Ann Arbor, an associate professor of literature realized how old he was getting when he asked his young daughter what she was studying. "Oh," she replied, "all about some jerk named Hitler."

• • In New York, a socialite publisher, asked to lunch at a Lexington Avenue restaurant, replied haughtily, "Don't be silly. I *never* eat east of Park!"

• • In Paris, author Jean Cocteau was asked if he believed in luck. "Certainly," he replied. "How else can you explain the success of those you detest?"

• • At Columbia University, Leon Seltzer nominated for Do-It-Yourself-Book-of-the-Year a Longmans, Green publication: "Practical Construction of Warships."

• • At a P.E.N. cocktail party, a promising young writer appeared with a beautiful new bride in tow. The bride was soon the center of an admiring throng. "She's a knockout," Jim Putnam enthused to the husband, "and her dress is a poem."

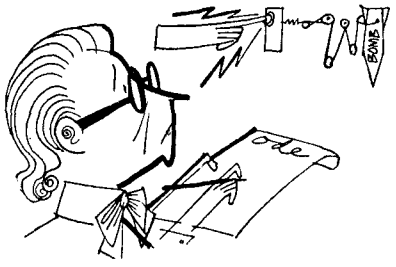
"Not one poem," answered the young writer gloomily. "Sixteen poems, eight articles, and five short stories."

• • In "Life with Fiorello" (Macmillan) biographer Ernest Cuneo tells about the day a righteous New York alderman protested that ladies of the evening were being allowed to collect city relief funds. Mayor La Guardia thundered, "I thought this was a question settled 2,000 years ago, but I see I was wrong. Sergeant-at-Arms, clear the room so this big bum can throw the first stone!"

• • In Havana, Ernest Hemingway told Earl Wilson, "I'm past page 667 of my new book. By February I may have her finished and in the bank." "In the bank?" echoed Earl. "I've got three unpublished ones in the bank already," explained Mr. H. "This'll be the fourth. I put 'em away and let 'em ripen. When I need cash I take one out."

• • In Hollywood, Mike Connolly has a novel approach. He dates librarians.

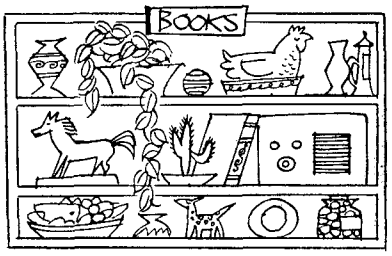
• • In St. Louis, poet Wystan Auden admitted on the lecture platform



that "modern-day verse often puzzles the writer as well as the reader. A poet can write about a man slaying a dragon, but not about a man pushing a button that releases a bomb. . . . It's impossible in these times for anybody to earn a living simply by writing poetry."

• • In Ottawa, Illinois, wires Colonel Duffy, the town's leading literary light has indeed become a man of distinction. For years he slept under bridges and viaducts, but now he's switched to culverts.

• • In Virginia Beach, Mrs. Gordon Atwill rose to inquire, "Why don't the book publishers get together with the architectural, home-making, and decoration magazines and campaign for bookcase space at least half as large and accessible as the areas allotted to TV sets, home bars, and



barbecues?" The sad fact, Mrs. Atwill, is that book publishers rarely get together on anything. And when decorators do provide bookshelves the proud new homeowners usually fill them with china horses, bowls of ivy or philodendron, and blue glass jars containing chocolate creams and almondettes.

• • In New York, Peter Windsor's dazzling dinner companion misplaced her fur wrap, moaned, "This will just about kill me." "You're not killed," contradicted Peter. "You're just dissabled." The same culprit suggests that nowadays musicians' children be boptized.

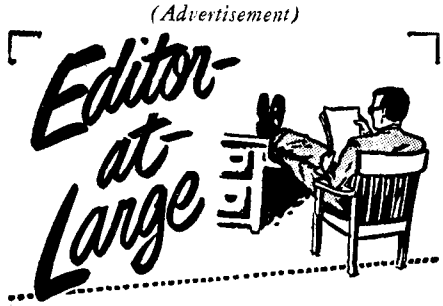
• • In Wichita, confides Arch O'Bryant, booksellers are referring to a recent chronicle of sin in Hollywood as "The Naked and the Bed."

• • In Mexico, Joseph Wood Krutch saw a lady tourist reenter her hotel laden down with useless souvenirs and knick-knacks, heard her husband's oft-echoed observation: "Isn't it amazing how many things there are that women would rather have than money!"

• • In Philadelphia, *Holiday*'s pictorial editor embellished an article on northern New Jersey with a two-page spread on student life at Rutgers. One photograph showed a student's room at a frat house. Reader response was almost instantaneous. A gent in Camden, fit to be tied, wanted his sign back or fifteen bucks in cash, the Hudson River Day Line demanded the return of the life preserver from the *Peter Stuyvesant*, and the Standard Oil people thought

PRODUCED BY LINZ DIGS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)



Fourteen miles south of Kennebunkport, Maine, is Boon Island. For almost 70 years Boon Island and the Boon Island Lighthouse have been part of the heritage and the daily existence of writer Kenneth Roberts, Kennebunkport's most distinguished citizen.

On Boon Island December 11, 1710, occurred one of the most amazing episodes in maritime history. For on that date the English ship, *Nottingham Galley*, was wrecked on the island.

For 24 days the 14-man crew of the ship lived through the terrible winter weather of the Maine coast hoping for rescue. Among the crew were heroes and cowards, men who selfishly betrayed their fellows, and others who died to aid them.

Kenneth Roberts has long intended to tell the story of the *Nottingham Galley*, and now in his new novel, "Boon Island," he has recreated, in a day-by-day account, the saga of these men, from the days before the ship sailed from Greenwich, England, until rescuers from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, reached them.

I have seen a picture of Boon Island, and I know that "island" is really a courtesy title for what is little more than a pile of rocks barely large enough for the present-day lighthouse which rises on it.

It is incredible to me that men could have existed there for even one December day. I found Kenneth Roberts' "Boon Island," not only a fascinating story of men of the sea, but a moving tribute to man's indomitable will to stay alive.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Boon Island," by Kenneth Roberts ($3.75) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of 12 other books (among them "Northwest Passage," "Oliver Wiswell," "Arundel," "Rabble in Arms" and "Lydia Bailey") by Mr. Roberts. In "Boon Island" is a bibliographical section describing these books, all of which may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

The prize of 67 Anchor Books recently offered in this column was won by Mrs. Helen Bland Matthews of Robersonville, North Carolina.

The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 31, 1955

SR/IDEAS

5 Political and Personal Morality, by Joyce Cary
7 Subscription TV and the Pollster, by Elmo Roper
19 The World of Amy Loveman
22 White House Conference on Education: An Editorial
50 High Fidelity Redefined, by William S. Bachman

SR/BOOKS

8 The Europeans, by Henri Cartier-Bresson
The People of Moscow, by Henri Cartier-Bresson
India, People and Places, by Richard Lannoy
Japan, by Werner Bischof
An Essay-Review by Beaumont Newhall
10 Boon Island, by Kenneth Roberts
Reviewed by W. R. Burnett
11 The Red Umbrellas, by Kelvin Lindemann
Reviewed by William Peden
12 Beyond Desire, by Pierre La Mure
Reviewed by Irving Stone
13 Man's Emerging Mind, by N. J. Berrill
Reviewed by Charles Frankel
14 The Biology of the Spirit, by Edmund W. Sinnott
Reviewed by Marston Bates
15 The Woman in Black, by Helen Holdredge
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward
16 A Wife Is Many Women, by Doris Fleischman Bernays
Reviewed by Jean Wade Rindlaub
17 The Right to Read: The Battle Against Censorship, by Paul Blanshard
Reviewed by Gilbert Seldes
18 Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925, by John Higham
Reviewed by Ray Allan Billington

SR/DEPARTMENTS

3 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf
6 Literary I.Q.
16 Literary Crypt
24 Letters to the Editor
25 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
26 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Arthur Knight
27 TV and Radio, by Gilbert Seldes
28 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
34 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1136

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 53, December 31, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

it would be nice if the student would come across pronto with the Esso globe hanging from the ceiling.

• • In Hollywood, Manhattan, and intermediate theatrical oases, "The Joker Is Wild" and "I Love Her, That's Why" are both ringing up socko nets. Joe E. Lewis and Burns and Allen are well-loved performers, of course, but not to be overlooked are the masterful jobs done by their biographers, Art Cohn for Lewis and Cynthia Lindsay for Burns and Allen. They have caught the full, rich personalities of their subjects.

• • In Baltimore, Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro got back a gilded key to the city that he had presented to author Leon Uris when the movie version of "Battle Cry" opened there. Uris's action was provoked by the inclusion of his book on a list termed objectionable for Baltimore juveniles —a list that also included "Mr. Roberts," "From Here to Eternity," "The Blackboard Jungle," and works by Hemingway and Faulkner. "His Honor isn't going to like Uris turning on him like this," predicted a City Hall aide. "He was just going to buy a copy of Uris's new 'Angry Hills,' too!"

• • In New York, Scribners' famous Fifth Avenue retail bookstore has undergone a thorough and even spectacular face-lifting, with an immediate jump in daily sales figures to prove the wisdom of the move. One small fly in the ointment: those new backless windows may prove a tough hurdle for Alfred Van Duym, whose displays in the past have often been good enough to stop traffic on the Avenue.

• • In New York, an outfit named Definition Press has brought out a volume of poetry by Martha Baird entitled "Nice Deity." "Why not," inquires Harvey Breit, "'Good God'?"

• • In Hollywood, a writer finally gained an audience with a hard-to-pin-down studio head, was told he had exactly two minutes to outline the plot of his proposed screenplay. The writer was disgruntled but game. He finished his synopsis in two minutes flat, scarcely pausing to take breath. The studio head snarled, "That's the lousiest story line I've heard so far this year. Get out and stop impeding the wheels of progress."

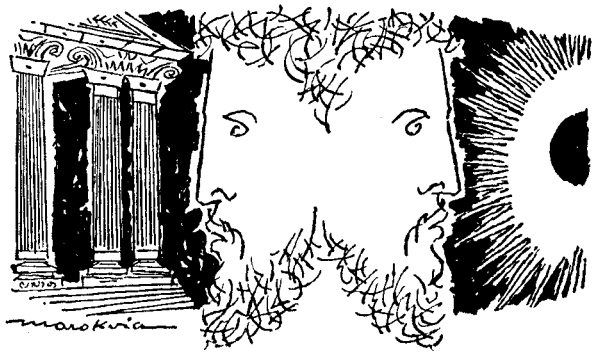
"Hold on," interrupted the writer. "That outline I gave you wasn't my story. It was Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' I'll tell you *my* story when you've got more time!" —BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 31, 1955

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL MORALITY



EDITOR'S NOTE: Joyce Cary is probably the perfect man to undertake the following defense of the politician. As an official of Britain's Nigerian Political Service during the crucial years of the First World War he learned that the size of Truth is always being underestimated by well-meaning moralists. The politician lives in a world of half-truths, complexities, and impurities not because he is a liar or a crook but because that's the way he finds the world. It's his job to seize these shadows, cut through to essentials, and come up with the best and simplest—if not the ideal—decisions. Here is a process very similar to writing good prose; it's worth nothing that great politicians like Napoleon, Lincoln, and Bismarck were usually masters of superb, concise literary styles. And Mr. Cary's vocation, of course, is the authorship of the most interesting of modern novels, including "Mister Johnson, "Herself Surprised," and "The Horse's Mouth."

By JOYCE CARY

ALMOST every great statesman has been described as a crook. Metternich, Cavour, Bismarck, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lloyd George, Roosevelt: history is made up of names at which the moralist holds his nose. In literature to describe a character as a politician is to rank him with the villains. Political novels, from Stendhal's "Rouge et Noir" to Anatole France's "Ile des Pingouins," treat the political world as something meaner and dirtier than that of the gangsters; meaner because it is hypocritical.

Yet we all know honest men in politics, we all discuss political issues as if they were amenable to moral law; we all distinguish between countries which have a high standard of political morality and those which are corrupt.

The fact is that the world has got into the habit of talking cant about politics and politicians; so much so that it cannot recognize a political scene, fairly drawn, when it is put before it. And what is odd is that the same men who talk cant about the wickedness of the political world, the corruption of power, and so on will discuss, acutely and reasonably, some actual political situation—What ought Eisenhower to do about Formosa? What line should he take having regard to Communist suspicions, nationalist anxieties, military necessities, the situation in Japan, in Russia, in Germany? How far should he look forward; how much should he risk, either way? That is to say, they perceive a highly complex and difficult problem, full of blind issues. It is, moreover, always a unique problem. It has never occurred exactly like that before, and it will never occur exactly like that again. And it changes while you look at it; it is different today from yesterday. Some minister has spoken somewhere, some action has been taken, some information has come in which changes its whole aspect. And the ordinary man, grasping this basic fact, is quite prepared to hear that the President or the Secretary of State faced by a fundamental change in the situation has changed his mind about policy.

No one was surprised or talked of bad faith when after the United

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States was attacked at Pearl Harbor the U.S. Government was forced to abandon its stated policy of neutrality. This is only to say that political action is always the expedient action; the most honest statesman cannot always keep his promises or fulfil his program. This is easily accepted in practice, but it raises pretty large questions. When is a statesman entitled to break promises, to change a policy which, often, is the one which he was elected to carry out? And an even bigger and more formidable question is this: When is he entitled to deceive? I raise this point here because it is not only closely allied to the other, but because it is precisely deceit which is the major crime charged to the politician, and which has got him his bad name. In Huxley's "Grey Eminence" Father Joseph is a good man, almost a saint, until he becomes Richelieu's confidential secretary and an intriguing politician. Then at once he is a crook.

WE ALL know that it is often impossible for a statesman to avow his purpose. To do so would be to defeat the purpose. Cripps when Chancellor of the Exchequer in England was asked if the Government had any intention of leaving the gold standard. Cripps answered that there was none. But, in fact, the thing was already decided and Britain was off the gold standard within the week. Cripps was a man of the strictest truth, but if he had not evaded that question, misled the House, there would have been a major crisis; and the whole advantage of the operation would have been lost.

No statesman could give away in public all details of policy. If therefore he is questioned he must often evade or deceive. And often evasion is not enough. By itself it will reveal an intention. This is why all responsible statesmen make use of a special language, so exasperating to newspapermen and so much scorned by the moralizers. They seek phrases that do not commit them; they use a kind of doubletalk; they utter, in public, rows of platitudes. They do not want to be pinned down and they have very good reason. They never know what the situation will be tomorrow; they do not want to have to admit "I was wrong that time and I can't, after all, do what I said I would do."

Practical men of affairs recognize this problem; they meet it every day in the ordinary business of life. But it has led to an idea, unfavorable to the politician, and often very bad for him, that there is a special political morality. It is said, for instance, that Bismarck's action in editing the Ems telegram, although unscrupulous, was justified by the enormous issues involved. He needed war to unify Germany. He needed war then in order to frustrate possible alliances against Prussia. He had to be sure of winning the war. Millions of lives, the destiny of Germany were at stake.

The double standard of morality allowing a statesman more latitude than the ordinary private man, is so widely accepted that it is made an excuse for the greatest crimes. Worse I suspect that it is often accepted by politicians themselves as justifying actions that they would not dream of in their private lives. And it is supported by all the history teachers who point out what great issues hang on a statesman's word; by the general legend of political skulduggery.

In fact, there is no double standard. Lies are always lies, evil is always evil; public and private morals are governed by precisely the same law. The destruction of one life by criminal pride or folly is no less and no more a crime than the slaughter of a million. The quality of an individual is his unique life. And you cannot treat that life as a unit in a mass. You cannot divide, subtract, or multiply quality. Ten Titians are not better in quality than one Titian. Twenty children are not less or more separate persons than one child and cannot therefore be dealt with as a greater or less responsibility. A mother or father who corrupts or destroys a child's life is in exactly the same moral position as the statesman, the political leader, who corrupts or destroys a people.

Parents, mothers, in their own family relations, act as responsible statesmen. What is more, they practise the same policies. They deceive, they evade; in a word, they manage a situation. What mother would tell a backward child that it is a fool? To do so might well ruin the child's only faint chance of some measure of education. Who has not promised a child going to the dentist's that it will not be hurt? Who has not made promises that cannot be kept; changed his mind to meet some new contingency? All relations between human beings in a free world require continuous adjustment. Every moral situation is unique and needs a special answer.

I shall now be accused, I have been accused already, of advocating universal dishonesty. But this is completely wrong. It is just because the free creative world, in which we live, presents to us a continuous novelty of event that personal integrity is of such enormous importance. It is our only criterion of value. Our trust is

(*Continued on page* 31)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

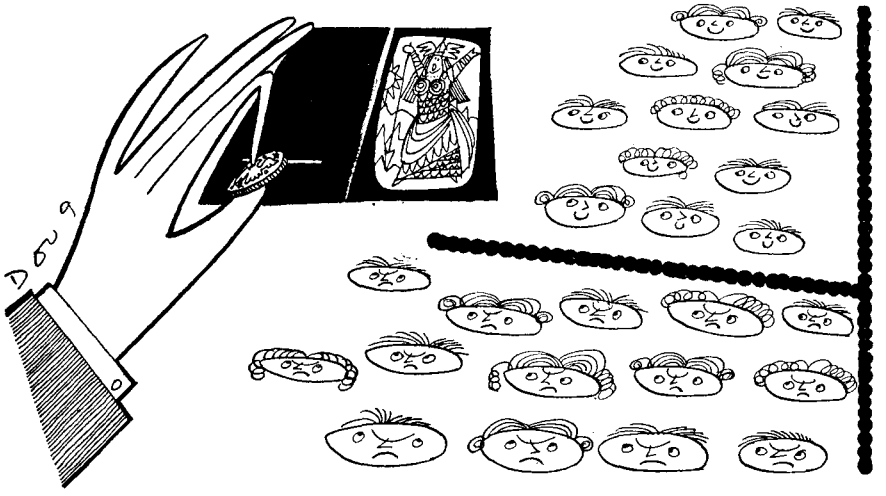
THE ECONOMICAL BARD

Shakespeare often used the name of a character a second time in another play, sometimes many times in many plays. James L. Rosenberg of Manhattan, Kansas, presents a dozen of these duplications, together with a brief clue to the character. He asks you to identify the name and assign it to the right play in each instance. Forty-four bits of information are requested; if you get twenty or fewer, your name is mud; if from twenty-one to thirty-five, goodish; if thirty-six or better, super-duper. Answers on page 31.

1. (a) A merchant. (b) A brother to the governor of Messina. (c) A usurping duke. (d) Father to a fickle and changeable son. (e) A sea captain.
2. (a) A traitorous brother to the King of Naples. (b) A twin brother.
3. (a) A tall blonde Athenian girl. (b) A ward of the countess of Rousillon.
4. (a) A puritanical lord deputy of Vienna. (b) A goldsmith of Ephesus.
5. (a) A Veronese nobleman. (b) A son of the King of Troy.
6. (a) A friend to Mark Antony. (b) An Athenian youth. (c) A son of the Gothic Queen.
7. (a) A young Viennese gentleman. (b) A "proper squire" of Florence.
8. (a) An attendant to a lovelorn duke. (b) A kinsman to a noble Roman. (c) A constant lover.
9. (a) Wife to an ancient in the Venetian army. (b) An attendant to the Queen of Sicilia.
10. (a) King of Navarre. (b) Prince of Naples.
11. (a) A lady-in-waiting to the Princess of France. (b) Chamberwoman to a wealthy countess.
12. (a) A friar. (b) A servant to an armorer. (c) An attendant to a nurse. (d) An English prophet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIPTION TV AND THE POLLSTER



By ELMO ROPER, *well-known statistician and* SR *editor-at-large, who has some points to make about the poll Gilbert Seldes discussed in* SR *Oct. 29. Irving Kolodin is planning an answer to Mr. Roper in an early issue.*

A STUDY we conducted on subscription TV produced facts which resulted in conclusions that were straightforward and crystal-clear to our organization. Apparently the study resulted in equally straightforward and crystal-clear conclusions to Gilbert Seldes. But that seems to be as far as agreement on the study goes. Mr. Seldes arrives at conclusions almost diametrically opposed to those which seem so logical to us. The best way to clear up the confusion may be to present the facts themselves and let the reader make his own analysis.

First, let's review briefly the outlines of the study we conducted. We interviewed a cross-section of 504 adults in Columbus, Ohio. Of those 504 people, 449 owned television sets, and it was to these people that our inquiry was directed. The basic approach used in the study was to paint different pictures of subscription- or pay-TV which first put pay-TV in its most favorable light, and then by degrees in a most unfavorable light. The reason for painting these different pictures was to insure that at least one of them would present pay-TV as it might ultimately be—there being no agreement among the experts as to just how it might ultimately develop. After each of the different pictures of pay-TV was presented the respondents were, in effect, asked whether they would like it if this were the way it was to be.

So much for a description of the study. Let me now present the questions and results on which Mr. Seldes based his conclusions, and on which we also based our completely opposite conclusions, and let the reader judge.

After it was determined whether or not a person owned a television set all owners were asked:

> Are you well satisfied with the kinds of programs you get on television, or do you feel there are changes or improvements you would like to see made?

In determining both whether people are happy with television as it now is, and whether they would like pay television, it seems important to us to bear in mind the exact wording of the questions we asked. The above questions produced these results:

Well satisfied	70%
Would like changes made	28%
No answer	2%

Subsequently, all television owners were asked the following question, a lengthy question which was read to respondents as many times as they felt necessary to grasp all of the essential facts:

> There's a new idea or invention for television that would let you see the best Broadway plays, the newest moving pictures, championship fights, opera, and other things you don't see now. These things would cost you 50¢ to $1.25 a show—depending on the show. In any case, they would cost much less than it would cost you to go out to see them.
>
> In Columbus these top-notch programs might be shown on Channel 6 for a few hours each night in place of the programs on Channel 6 that are now shown.
>
> One way to receive these top attractions would be to have a coin box attached to the back of your set—at no cost to you. Another way would be to charge it and have them send you a monthly bill. If there was a play or something you wanted to watch, you'd just put a coin in the box or have them charge it. If you didn't pay, you'd get no picture on Channel 6, but you'd still have the other two channels.
>
> Would you be interested in having an additional service like this which would bring you at low prices programs that you can't now get, or wouldn't you be interested in having this service?

This question produced the following results:

Interested	27%
Not interested	62
Volunteered reason for disinterest:	
Satisfied with present system, programs	14
Don't watch or like TV enough to make it worth while	13
Initial costs and upkeep of TV sets is enough—shouldn't have to pay more to watch programs	8
Too expensive; can't afford it; not willing to pay the added cost	8
Prefer going out to see kinds of shows, events that would be offered	5
Don't like the kinds of programs, shows that would be offered	3
Reception too poor to make it worth while	2
Just don't like it (no further information)	2
Would soon have to pay to see all programs	1
Want to see anything on TV without paying	1
It's just another money-making scheme for somebody	1
Would cause too much confusion, disagreement in home about what to see	1
They should leave Channel 6 alone, put on another channel for pay-TV	1
All other	2
Don't know why	1
No answer as to why	2
Don't know if interested	11

Following this question we showed respondents a sample week's schedule

(*Continued on page* 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PHOTOGRAPHER: In trying to catch the elusive quality of a candid camera or, better, an instantaneous photograph, critics invariably look for The Method. In the case of Henri Cartier-Bresson the method is easily described: he carries his eyes in his camera, and he carries his camera wherever he goes. Using 35 mm. exclusively, he never hunts a picture, he never sets one up, or, once taken, cuts one down, and he never intrudes. As Beaumont Newhall has written, "Cartier-Bresson is able to recognize what will make a picture as instantaneously as his shutter will operate," and in his book "The Decisive Moment" Cartier-Bresson himself has said, "To me photography is the simultaneous recognition in a fraction of a second of the significance of an event, as well as of a precise organization of forms which give that event its proper expression." Born in Chanteloup, France, of a Norman mother and a Parisian father, his personality is a fusion of both temperaments; he can blend into any setting with Parisian ease, and has in every continent in the world, and at the same time can maintain a Norman detachment and candor. As a child he had a passion for painting, which he studied, together with literature, at Cambridge University, but he took up serious photography at the age of twenty-four without previous formal study, and within four years had exhibited in Madrid, Mexico, and New York, and was working on films with Jean Renoir.

He entered the French Army in 1940, was captured by the Germans, and after three attempts in three years escaped to France, where he farmed and worked for the Underground. Since the war he has won a U.S. Camera Club Award for his coverage of Gandhi's funeral, an Overseas Press Club Award for his coverage of the Communist conquest of Shanghai, and has been paid the highest price in *Life's* history for rights to material in "The People of Moscow." The current exhibit of his work at the Louvre marks the first time that institution has opened its doors to a photographer.

—Richard Lemon.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Man Behind the Lens

"The Europeans," by Henri Cartier-Bresson *(Simon & Schuster. 114 plates. $15),* ***"The People of Moscow," by Henri Cartier-Bresson*** *(Simon & Schuster. 163 plates. $10),* ***"India, People and Places," by Richard Lannoy*** *(Vanguard Press. 200 pp. 188 plates. $12.50), and* ***"Japan," by Werner Bischof*** *(Simon & Schuster. 109 plates. $10), are albums of photographs that interpret the lives of people of many lands against their native background. They are reviewed here by Beaumont Newhall, curator of George Eastman House, Rochester, N. Y., author of "The History of Photography."*

By Beaumont Newhall

THANKS to its light weight and small bulk the miniature camera has become as much a part of the modern traveler's equipment as the dacron shirt. It has other, incomparable advantages; it affords the traveler momentary pleasure as he moves about the world and enduring delight as he contemplates the result of his activity when he has returned home. In the hands of a man who has trained himself to handle it with the immediacy of a reflex action pictures can be taken unobtrusively and almost everywhere. At the eye of a man gifted with visual imagination, and who has learned to see, photographs of lasting beauty can result.

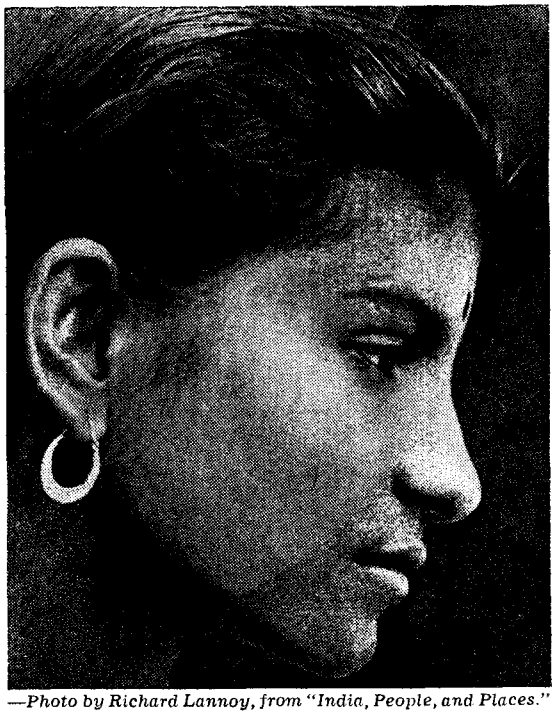
Four new picture books, the work of three uncommonly gifted photographers, show how vividly the products of the miniature camera can be used not only to inform us about foreign countries but to increase our understanding of them. Henri Cartier-Bresson's "The Europeans" and "The People of Moscow," Richard Lannoy's "India, People and Places," and Werner Bischof's "Japan" introduce us to the people, the manners, and the customs of the several countries they cover. They offer not the famous buildings, the standard sights, or the familiar scenes, but interpretations by talented men of the people who live among these buildings, these sights, and these scenes.

The books by Cartier-Bresson are outstanding. Like his "The Decisive Moment," which appeared three years ago, "The Europeans" is essentially a portfolio of large (14½″x11″) format. It was beautifully printed in Paris, under the direction of Tériade, one of the most noted publishers of deluxe art monographs, and its artistic character is proclaimed by the handsome color jacket specially designed by Joan Miro, a leading modern painter. No words accompany the pictures, but simple captions are provided in a numbered list at the end of the

—Photo by Werner Bischof, from "Japan."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Photo by Henri Cartier-Bresson, from "The People of Moscow."



—Photo by Richard Lannoy, from "India, People, and Places."

—Photo by Henri Cartier-Bresson, from "The Europeans."

book. To facilitate reference to the captions they are also printed in a separate pamphlet.

Wherever Cartier-Bresson goes—and he is one of the most traveled of photographers—he carries not only his miniature camera, but also a highly sensitive and personal sense of form. His meticulous concern with the *picture* sets him apart from the average photo-journalist, whose pictures are for the most part solely of informational value. Further, unlike many photographers whose chief concern is using the camera for expressive purposes, Cartier-Bresson seems at home anywhere in the world and is not limited by geographical boundaries. His deep interest in people has led him to develop the ability to find, wherever he travels, material for his camera. In the three-page introduction Cartier-Bresson speaks of himself as "a stroller." Elsewhere he has written that he wants to be the silent observer, approaching on tiptoe, wearing, so to speak, an invisible cloak. He never directs or poses his subjects, but observes them, with his camera always at the ready. When he senses that a moment is about to arrive when there will be that combination of form and content which makes for a lasting picture he raises the camera to his eye and, with amazing deftness and speed, makes the exposure. He writes as if this were an easy thing, "a lightning instant of give-and-take, just long enough for you to level the camera and to trap the fleeting image in your little box." But the instantaneous decision when to press the button comes from years of experience in seeing.

In the narrow cobble-stoned street of an Italian town, for example, he found a man wearing dark glasses and muffled in a black cape. He is speaking to a black-robed cleric. From his stance we are certain that he can only be uttering confidences. There are figures in the distance, but they are not the confused jumble of the average snapshot; Cartier-Bresson shot at the moment when they as well as the principal figures were best revealed. Like many of the pictures in "The Europeans," there is an indefinable air of mystery about this street scene which wakens our imagination and piques our curiosity.

Cartier-Bresson's other new book, "The People of Moscow," is more specific, and in the nature of a report. On the strength of his earlier book he succeeded in getting a Russian visa,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and traveled as a private individual, on his own, without assignment. Contrary to his fears, he was allowed to photograph freely. The 163 photographs show no political angle. His concern was with the common people, at work and at play, in the city and the country, at home and in the factory. Officialdom hardly appears beyond the series of photographs of the never-ending queue of people waiting their turns to enter the mausoleum where are preserved the bodies of Lenin and Stalin, and a single picture of Malenkov and Khruschev with other officials at a sport demonstration. The photographs show the Russians as an industrious, well-to-do, and apparently happy people. The book is a workmanlike report, but none of the pictures reaches the expressive height of some of the photographs in "The Europeans."

Richard Lannoy's "India" is more exhaustive. He has written, by way of introduction, an historical essay, and the 188 photographs cover an extensive territory. This is Mr. Lannoy's first book, and in the course of making it he found India so much to his liking that he has gone back there to make his home. This love for India shows in almost every photograph. Compared to Cartier-Bresson's work, however, the photographs lack sharpness of perception, awareness of form, and wit.

"Japan," regrettably, is the last book of the gifted Swiss photographer Werner Bischof. He had barely finished the layout when he was killed last year in an automobile accident. There is more beauty in his book than in the other three, perhaps because of the subject matter, but more likely because of the photographer's attitude. He seeks to interpret for us not so much the individual Japanese, but their way of life, and divides the 109 photographs into Old Japan and Japan Today, contrasting the two attitudes which are so characteristic of that country. It is a moving record, less brilliant than Cartier-Bresson's books, less informational than Lannoy's, but perhaps the most sympathetic to his subjects of all of them. In color Bischof was superb, and the many color reproductions stand out above his black-and-white work.

FICTION

Fifteen on a Rock

***"Boon Island," by Kenneth Roberts** (Doubleday. 275 pp. $3.75), is the story of fifteen Britons who were shipwrecked off the coast of Maine during the eighteenth century and of the struggle for survival that ensued.*

By W. R. Burnett

IN THE winter of 1710 a British merchant ship, the galley *Nottingham,* 135 days out of Greenwich, driving before a northeaster, ran aground and was wrecked on a small, uninhabited island half a dozen miles off the coast of Maine. The master of the galley, John Dean, and a crew of fourteen men, including the supercargo, Miles Whitworth, former student at Oxford, and Neal Butler, a boy actor, and his father, the old seaman known as Swede, manage to get safely from the smashed galley to this precarious shelf of rock called Boon Island, hardly more than a dot on the tremendous sea-horizon of the North Atlantic. At high tide this rocky shelf is always in danger of having the breakers sweep completely over it. The cold is intense and there is no shelter, except for a few shallow caves. The men cannot build a fire because everything is wet, and stays wet. They have nothing to eat except for a few pounds of cheese that drift in from the cargo of the wrecked galley. Their lives seem not to be worth a plugged nickel. But they manage, by hook or crook, to survive until rescued—and that is the story of Kenneth Roberts's new novel, "Boon Island."

But not quite the whole story. The opening in Greenwich, England, is not nearly as simple as the rest of the adventure. Neal Butler, the boy actor, runs into trouble with one of the aristocratic habitues of the theatre at Greenwich, a homosexual, whose advances become violent. The boy, in a panic, kills the painted fop with a knife and is forced to get away from England at once. He is hidden aboard the *Nottingham,* under the protection of his father and Miles Whitworth.

At first thought this episode may seem out of key with the rest of the story—and even completely unnecessary. But it is evident that it was part of Mr. Roberts's purpose in writing this story to contrast what he conceives as the "good life" with what he conceives as the "bad life." And an easy antithesis was ready to hand: Roaring, amoral, and effete eighteenth-century London contrasted with simple, kindly, hardworking, pioneer America. The aristocratic homosexual as against Richard Nason, the sea captain, who is instrumental in rescuing the castaways from Boon Island.

To me the contrast seems a little too elementary, too simple, and as a general thing Mr. Roberts's rather belligerent moralizing disturbs me for the same reason. One of the characters, the mate, Langman, is an obvious whipping-boy for the author—and nothing more than that. Here is no Long John Silver, that plausible and amusing but unrelievedly evil man strong in his own convictions; no murderous Pew—but a sort of walking morality on whose head Mr. Roberts empties his displeasure, as follows: "Unfortunately there'll always be Langmans in this world to set people and nations against each other—to condemn the good and extol the bad—to spread sly rumors and spit on the truth."

Yet in the story itself Langman does nothing at all but talk, and seems a very feeble creature indeed.

IN A critical sense this would be carping except for the fact that Mr. Roberts himself insists that the story is no mere recital of daring adventure and endurance, but an allegory; and the book closes on the following note: "How many of us have our Boon Islands? And how many have our Langmans? But doesn't each one of us have an inner America on which in youth his heart is set; and if—because of age, or greed, or weakness, or circumstances beyond his poor control—it escapes him, his life, it seems to me, has been wasted."

But let's forget that angle. Very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few people are going to read this story as an allegory. Most of them are going to read it for its wonderful descriptions of men brought to the last extremity by privation till they become so reduced in the human scale that cannibalism seems quite natural to them, and they feast contentedly off the body of one of their dead comrades. They are going to be fascinated by the island itself, which little by little and with growing portentousness becomes the chief character in this nightmare of survival—Boon Island with its constantly thundering breakers, its rocky bleakness, its arctic cold, its few screaming gulls, and its cautious and agile seals which effortlessly evade the weak grasps of the starving mariners. Once you've read this powerful story the barren rocky island will become a part of your inner consciousness—you'll never forget it.

"Boon Island" is definitely in the tradition of "Treasure Island," "Robinson Crusoe," and the *Bounty* trilogy. Its chief lack is in the realm of character: there are no Silvers, no Crusoes, no Captain Blighs here, not even a Fletcher Christian or a man Friday; the actors in this savage drama are hardly more than names. But where Mr. Roberts excels is in his sober and powerful depiction of the inescapable realities of the situation. He flinches from nothing.

Speaking for myself—and with the above rather stringent reservations fully in mind—"Boon Island" goes on the shelf with the three stories mentioned and also with Joseph Conrad's subtle study of the effects of cannibalism, "Falk."

Labyrinth in Copenhagen

"The Red Umbrellas," by Kelvin Lindemann *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 214 pp. $3.50), the work of a Danish writer, is a volume of short, strange, and romantic tales bound together in a complex and highly original literary form.*

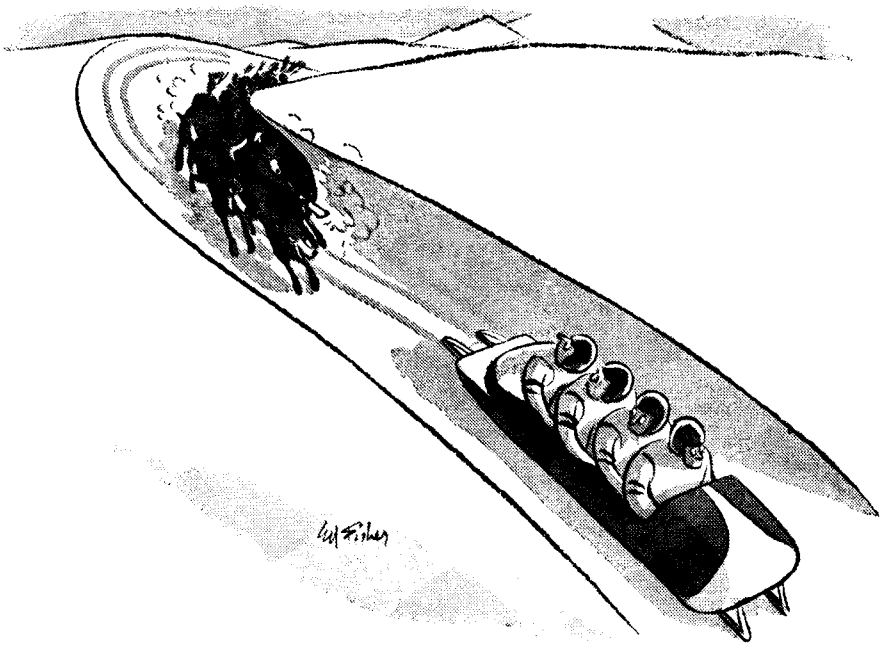
By William Peden

"THE RED UMBRELLAS" is Kelvin Lindemann's third novel, but the first to appear in this country; it more than justifies the rather extravagant acclaim the author has received in his native Denmark. If it can be called a novel at all, "The Red Umbrellas" exists completely outside the contemporary realistic tradition. It is, rather, a series of superbly artificial and mutually interdependent short stories set within the framework of nineteenth-century Copenhagen when the Asiatic cholera ran riot through this proud and lovely city. Here, in the very midst of the temporary lazarettes that festered within the Danish capital, three people meet in the Louis Quinze salon of the Marchioness Hermione Schnell, a very aged aristocrat who had "outlived her period and walked through its ruins like Scipio through Carthage." Her two guests are a celebrated Danish scientist, Professor Charles Iselin, and her lifelong friend, Madame Conradine van der Hooglant. The three, each with his own secret desires, fears, and burning memories, have gathered together to celebrate the Professor's birthday. During the evening they tell the romantic, highly-involved, fantastically-complicated stories that constitute the major portion of this unusual book.

The plotting of "The Red Umbrellas" is as involved as the maze of the Minotaur; the characters are simultaneously as real and as unreal as the horn of a unicorn. Coincidence is piled upon coincidence; story emerges within story; one anecdote leads to another, in what at first reading appears to be a meaningless kaleidoscope of recollection, observation, and speculation. Yet there is a key to the labyrinth. After the bewildering richness of the stories, after a late-evening sojourn to the heart of the beleaguered city, after all the character relationships have been suggested, and reversed, and then once again reversed—after all this, the pieces of the puzzle fall suddenly into harmony; the revelation is made manifest.

The stories related by the three indefatigable narrators range far and wide in time and place; their characters run the gamut from Marie Antoinette and the Devil to Copenhagen's shabbiest pandar. It is difficult to resist referring to the individual figures in this richly-colored tapestry: the English lord whose suicide note read simply "Too many buttons to button and unbutton"; beautiful Charlotte Corday and how she obtained the knife with which she murdered Citizen Marat, Charlotte whose loveliness was such that her executioner could not resist pinching the fair cheek of her severed head; the romantic Count Ferson, who received the talismanic red umbrella from Marie Antoinette; the goose who polished the most celebrated diamonds of the generation and the donkey whose death altered the course of history.

It is little wonder that in this potpourri of story, history, legend, and folklore we sometimes lose sight of the Marchioness and her guests. "The Red Umbrellas" is a feast for the discerning reader; if one overindulges is the host or the guest the villain?



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pierre La Mure—"warmth and gusto."

Of Love and Music

"Beyond Desire," by Pierre La Mure *(Random House. 404 pp. $3.95), is a novel about the love of Felix and Cecile Mendelssohn and the performance of Bach's "Passion According to Saint Matthew." It is reviewed here by Irving Stone, who has written biographical novels about Vincent Van Gogh, Mary Todd Lincoln, and others.*

By Irving Stone

NOW THAT the biographical novel has come of age a few ground rules can perhaps be laid down for its practitioners. The first of these would surely be that history is not the servant of the biographical novelist, but his master. No biographical novel can be better than its research.

Pierre La Mure, author of "Beyond Desire," a novel based on the life of Felix Mendelssohn, has many of the biographical novelist's primary gifts. He has the faculty of making history seem not only exciting but contemporary. His vignettes of minor characters, Chopin, Wagner, Schumann, and of towns, Frankfurt and Leipzig, bring them vividly to life. And, as we learned from "Moulin Rouge," he can keep a story rolling with warmth and gusto.

"Beyond Desire" sets out to tell two stories, that of Johann Sebastian Bach's "The Passion According to Saint Matthew" as the frame, and the life of Felix Mendelssohn as the main body of the tale. The opening pages, portraying the death of Bach, are beautifully wrought; in the closing scene of the book, in which Mendelssohn brings "The Passion" to life, the pages once again soar. In between lies Mr. La Mure's version of Mendelssohn's effort to bring "The Passion" into existence; and it is here that the author must be challenged.

According to Mr. La Mure, Mendelssohn accidentally discovered manuscript pages of "The Passion" when a Leipzig butcher's wife brought in paper with which to wrap the Mendelssohns' meat. As the plot unfolds, Mendelssohn's determination to produce "The Passion" in Saint Thomas's Church in Leipzig, for whom Bach wrote it, gradually involves Mendelssohn in a violent melodrama in which he is fanatically opposed by the pastor of Saint Thomas and by an insane city councilman who uses Mendelssohn's desire to present the sacred music as an excuse to arm a mob, begin an anti-Semitic uprising, and murder an innocent woman. It all ends with Mendelssohn presenting "The Passion" in Saint Thomas's Church in 1847, close to the end of his life.

What are the simple facts? Mendelssohn first saw Bach's manuscript in the Royal Library in Berlin when he was twelve years old. It belonged to Karl Zelter Mendelssohn's teacher and the director of Berlin's Singakademie. Mendelssohn was profoundly influenced by the great score. He determined to produce it, and although opposed at first by Zelter, he was able, when only twenty, to gain the cooperation of Zelter and the entire Singakedemie. Mendelssohn conducted "The Passion" on March 11, 1829, in Berlin, the first time it had been sung since Bach's death.

The love story Mr. La Mure has told of Felix and Cecile Mendelssohn is an interesting one in terms of clash of character due to differences of background. It is unbelievable, as Mendelssohn's stormy amour with the Italian opera singer is not.

But history is not the servant of the biographical novelist, it is his master. The basic, demonstrable truth cannot be pushed around to serve anyone's plot purposes. When Pierre La Mure develops a historical integrity to match his talent he may again convince us with biographical novels.

—*Annette & Basil Zarov.*

Gabrielle Roy—"objective observation."

Notes

THE UNVARNISHED MR. CHENEVERT: In **"The Cashier"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) Gabrielle Roy has taken for her paltry protagonist a fussy, musty, quietly desperate bank teller of Montreal, a person entirely without consequence to the world. Then she has discovered in him for us, with painstaking exactitude, some of the qualities of mind and personality which are the common denominator of the human race, the source of both its unique achievement and its repeated failures. Alexander Chenevert is a pathetic little man grubbing away in his teller's cage. At night he returns through choked-up city streets, whose grayness is enlivened only by the colors of the blatant advertisements for vulgar products, to a dreary little apartment presided over by a wife who seems equally insensitive to the noble concerns which occupy her husband's mind and to the nagging aches and pains which invade his vulnerable body. Certain of the happiness and the fulfilment that would have been his had he but been born in a different age, Alexander succeeds only in convincing us that he would have been no different whatever the circumstances. Yet his life and his death are not without meaning to us as they are recounted in their most intimate, unvarnished detail by an author whose sentimental capacity for fellow feeling is held in check by her powers of objective moral observation. Gabrielle Roy writes with a nicely managed sense of French style, which comes through very well in this translation by Harry Binsse.

—JEROME STONE.

THE PARAGON OF ARAGON: Having delved fairly recently into the life and times of France's Louis XI, "The Spider King," Laurence Schoonover now cruises southward to spin a novel about Louis's younger contemporary Isabella of Castile. This, of course, is the Isabella who gave aid and comfort to that "mathematical, geographical son-of-a-gun Colombo," if I may paraphrase an old ballad.

It is the thesis of **"The Queen's Cross"** (Sloane, $3.95) that Isabella

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Catholic, as she was called sometimes, was a woman of extraordinary beauty, virtue, and wisdom—one of the great queens of European history and, this side of martyrdom, something of a Spanish Joan of Arc. Undoubtedly history sustains a substantial portion of these claims, but surely not all. Mark Twain's Joan is no more sentimentally romanticized than Schoonover's Isabella. He has made her, if we incorporate for her the title to her husband Ferdinand's realms, the very paragon of Aragon. As such she emerges as an appealing image but something less than real.

Storywise, however, Isabella's life makes quite a tale. Her girlhood was precarious in the extreme. Her brother King Henry IV, who is remembered by history as Henry the Impotent, resented her claim to the succession. He would not have scrupled to murder her, and he tried to arrange odious marriages for her and to secure the succession for an Infanta borne by his Queen but not of Henry's fathering. He did all in his power, also, to prevent Isabella's marriage to Ferdinand.

If you like your historical fiction rather sharply aligned between the good guys and the bad guys, and unfurled in swatches of bright color and sound sentiments, you will like "The Queen's Cross." If you seek other qualities seek a practitioner of another school. —EDMUND FULLER.

YANK TO THE RESCUE: Nicholas Monsarrat's **"Castle Garac"** (Knopf, $3.50) has all the ingredients of a good thriller. A young American writer, down on his luck in Nice, meets a smooth-talking operator of no known nationality who has a mysterious and profitable proposition that requires the American to rent a castle in Provence and to locate a young, aristocratic-looking French girl (who must also be blonde and an orphan). There is probably no force known to man that can keep the hero of such a situation from falling in love with such a girl, so we cannot really hold Mr. Monsarrat to blame for the fact that his Tom Welles not only falls in love but risks his life to rescue the girl from a fate that she seems perfectly happy to accept. But then the girl, the castle, and the scheme dissolve in a fizzle of reality. After intriguing his readers for the first couple of hundred pages the author should not let them down so hard. Thus, in spite of the reliable recipe from which it is concocted "Castle Garac" offers neither distinctive flavor nor substantial nourishment. Indeed, it hardly even keeps the pot boiling.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

IDEAS

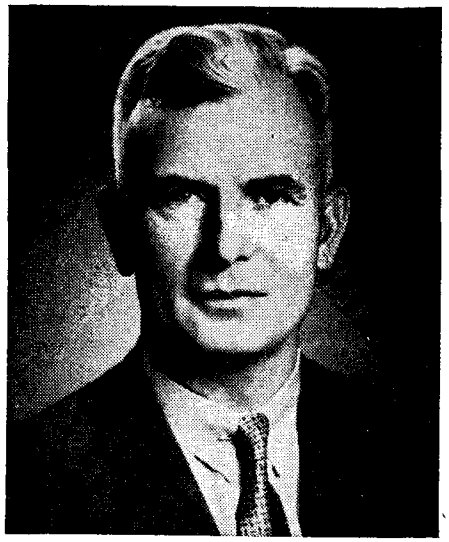
Man's Stance, Brains, and Troubles

"Man's Emerging Mind," by N. J. Berrill *(Dodd, Mead. 308 pp. $4), combines poetic style and scientific matter to tell the story of the development of the human mind out of primeval mud. It is reviewed here by Professor Charles Frankel of Columbia University, author of the forthcoming book "The Case for Modern Man."*

By Charles Frankel

N. J. BERRILL has written a remarkable book. "Man's Emerging Mind" combines the delights of science and epic poetry. It tells a true story which outruns in its marvels anything which the human imagination on its own has been able to invent, for it is the story of the emergence of the human mind out of the primeval mud.

The story begins with our origins in the first mammal, a shrewlike creature, "prolific, insatiable, poor-sighted, and color-blind . . . living in the semi-dark . . . in a world of low-down smells and sudden swooping danger." It moves through the development of the human form (and particularly the development of the human eye and tongue and brain) as we moved up into the trees and then came back down to earth again, erect animals who had seen the stars. Throughout Professor Berrill makes us feel that he is talking about us, our ancestors, and our past. We learn why we walk as we do, why our hands and shoulders and back are shaped as they are, why we are hairless, why we talk and sing and are young for so long a part of our lives in comparison with all the other animals.



—*Notman.*

N. J. Berrill—"statement of faith."

Professor Berrill is a philospher and a humanist who makes his living by teaching embryology. But he is also a gifted storyteller who can be at once speculative, ironical, and sober. In his book he guesses about the origins of such peculiar human sayings as "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." His guess: that it must be traced "to the new-found leisure in the seclusion of a tree." "So much that we think is purely human we have to share with those who look most like us, including a certain tendency to be vulgar," he also writes.

BUT this account of the development of the human organism is not all. In his book Professor Berrill traces the growth of human culture through the stone and bronze ages to the present day, historically and archeologically, weaving a pattern out of everything from burial customs and the Biblical story of the flood to the cave paintings in the Pyrenees and the anthropological studies of the Hopi Indians. When he speculates he is frank about it. These speculations are efforts to show the sweep of the human epic in science and religion and art—and to suggest how much of that epic may still lie ahead of us.

Within this framework Professor Berrill has some incisive things to say about humanity's situation today. It would be difficult to find a more convincing argument than his, for example, on the absolute necessity for birth control. He also has some arguments to propound on race relations, on the irresponsibility with which we are poisoning the atmosphere with radioactive waste materials, and on the role of science and technology. Most of all, he is concerned by the contemporary drift toward bigness, bureaucracy, and impersonality. What he has to say on contemporary issues reveals a moralist of passion, of humor, and of good sense. All in all, no more moving statement of faith by a rationalist and an untamed moral individualist has recently appeared.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scientist's Quest...

***"The Biology of the Spirit," by Edmund W. Sinnott** (Viking Press. 173 pp. $3.50), is an attempt by a Yale biologist to relate man's mind to his body. It is reviewed here by Marston Bates, University of Michigan biologist.*

By Marston Bates

MAN'S double nature—the nature of his mind and the nature of his body—is one of man's great problems, and of this problem the Yale biologist Edmund W. Sinnott says in his newly published "Biology of the Spirit": "Age-long efforts to find a reconciliation that will be scientifically acceptable and still preserve the essence of the older concepts have been unsuccessful. . . . Must this rift within us still continue, or can some way at last be found to heal it?" Mr. Sinnott finds his unity in "purpose," in the goal-seeking of all organisms and of protoplasm itself—a seeking which he then projects into the human mind.

Early in the book Mr. Sinnott reviews "biological goals," quite rightly emphasizing our essential ignorance of the processes that regulate growth and development in organisms. As illustration, he cites a series of striking cases in the pine tree that attempts to maintain its characteristic form however its branches are mutilated, in the curious way in which a bit of stem cut from many kinds of plants can grow and reproduce the whole plant, and in the sponge cells that are able to reorganize themselves into a functioning sponge after they have been completely scrambled.

Mr. Sinnott objects at some length to the psychological concept of "drives" because he says men are not pushed or driven into actions; they are, he says, pulled by their purposes and goals. Protoplasm has purpose, he says. The mind, as an extension of protoplasm, has purpose too. From this he develops a "Philosophy of Goals."

In his final chapter, on "The Biology of the Spirit," the author boldly attacks such problems as those of values and of the sense of beauty. He suggests that there is a principle of organization in the universe. "This Principle of Organization, lifted far above its expression in matter and into the realm of the spirit, may without irreverence, I believe, be thought of as an attribute of God," he writes. "The very existence of spiritual qualities in man suggests that they are manifestations in him of something like them in the universe outside." And out of this the author develops a philosophy of conduct vaguely reminiscent of Epicurus.

I cannot quarrel with Mr. Sinnott's biology; in fact I find his biological illustrations, his emphasis on our essential ignorance of most biological processes, stimulating and praiseworthy. But I cannot follow his reasoning when he takes off from this biology; I get lost in words, and I suspect that Mr. Sinnott is caught in some kind of a semantic trap. I was lost completely in his final chapter. I have no idea what Mr. Sinnott means by man's "spirit" or how he manages to make this a biological phenomenon.

THIS same sort of philosophy—almost common sense for the survival of mankind—can be derived on other grounds, and I don't see why all of the biology has to be dragged in. Quite often Mr. Sinnott seems to confuse Man with Western Man, but at other times he shows an awareness of the ways in which men of different cultures differ in their thinking. Nowhere, however, does he explicitly meet the problems posed by human culture—his straw men are psychologists rather than anthropologists. The author is a biologist, and he clearly believes that biology ought to be able to explain everything. I'll grant that man is an animal, and certainly a part of nature; but the human mind and human culture seem to me, even though a part of nature, something qualitatively different from the rest of nature—an emergent. Man to me is at present inexplicable in purely biological terms, just as life is presently inexplicable in terms of chemistry and physics. Mr. Sinnott makes much of his biological unorthodoxy at many points in this book, and I found myself resenting the implication that because I was disagreeing I must be orthodox. Perhaps, by regarding man as something more than an aggregation of purposeful protoplasm, I am being even more biologically unorthodox than Mr. Sinnott.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1135)

M. MANSFIELD:
CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

. . . At Christmas time, at night,
We saw the little fir trees
Wearing balls of light,
And winking through the windows,
Candles were bright.
. . . This, exceeding joyous,
Seems special for our day
That so resembles night—
We speak of Him so clearly,
So beautifully with light!

...for Values

***"The Road to 'Human Destiny'," by Mary Lecomte du Noüy** (Longmans, Green. 344 pp. $5), is a biography by his wife of Pierre Lecomte du Noüy, the French chemist and biophysicist, whose book "Human Destiny," a speculation on the relationship of science and religion, was widely read a decade ago. It is reviewed here by George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College in New York City.*

By George N. Shuster

A BOOK bearing the simple but nearly all-inclusive title of "Human Destiny," by an author whose name most people found quite impossible to pronounce, seemed destined when it was published in 1947 to appeal only to a small coterie of those likely to be beguiled by speculation concerning the relationships between religion and science. Yet in a very short while, despite some lifting of eyebrows in more unyielding scientific and theological circles, this essay was being read by countless thousands of men and women in a dozen countries and was changing the outlook of many who had long since considered themselves unredeemable skeptics.

The reasons why all this was so are of course complex. On the one hand, there was the manifest distinction of Pierre Lecomte du Noüy's thought and style, so genuinely in the noblest French tradition. A new intellectual wind was blowing, on the other hand, and notable scientists were discarding the mechanistic assumptions of the nineteenth century. The profound and stirring lectures delivered by the great physicist Max Planck, under the very shadow of Nazism, advocating Theism as the conclusion which had necessarily to be drawn from the cosmic evidence, was roughly speaking contemporary with similar views expressed by Millikan, Compton, Eddington, and others. In short, a revolution was in progress and Du Noüy's book was the equivalent of its Bastille Day.

"The Road to 'Human Destiny'," Mary Lecomte du Noüy's account of her husband's life as a long, arduous, and yet luminous preparation for a victorious hour which struck just before his tragic death, is warmly and intimately personal. It is first of all a woman's story, documenting a love which was the glory of her life. Then it outlines with meticulous care the

(*Continued on page* 31)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frou-Frou on the Frontier

"The Woman in Black," by Helen Holdredge *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 309 pp. $4.50), is a biography of that incredible toast of two continents, Lola Montez. Helen Beal Woodward, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Bold Women" and other books.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

BRITISH Army wives at Simla, India, were exceedingly upset in the autumn of 1839 by the arrival of a Mrs. James, a subaltern's wife. A merry, unaffected girl—"a good little thing," the viceroy's sister, the Honourable Emily Eden, pronounced her —Mrs. James was nevertheless far too beautiful for other women's peace of mind. When she appeared at a party other women instantly looked plain. Little Mrs. James shone among them, wrote Miss Eden, "like a star."

Fourteen years later the star lighted upon a remote mining community in the Sierra Nevadas. With an uneasiness that India's Army wives would have understood, the matrons of Grass Valley, California, learned that one of the most desirable women in the world planned to make her home in their mountain village. The ex-Mrs. James, having married a San Francisco newspaperman, was now Mrs. Patrick Hull, but nobody thought of her by any but her stage name, Lola Montez. Billed as an actress and dancer, she was world-famous not for her talents, which were mediocre, but for her effect on men. She had been the mistress of Liszt and Dumas, to name two. She had caused a revolution in Bavaria, where King Ludwig I's infatuation with her had brought about his own forced abdication in favor of his son. A wealthy young Englishman whom she married, bigamously as it turned out, had virtually drunk himself to death; a fiancé had been killed in a duel; a later lover was to vanish mysteriously from a ship in mid-ocean. More columns of newsprint had been written about her than about any other woman in history, and though Grass Valley wives may not have known the details of Lola's odyssey from Simla to the Sierras, they knew their husbands were in jeopardy: whatever Lola wanted Lola got.

The idea of a Lola Montez—that royal bibelot, that boudoir confection —settling down in a crude frontier mining town has something wildly improbable about it. It is as if Margot Fonteyn were to join the cast of the National Barn Dance. Helen Holdredge, author of "The Woman in Black," has been fascinated from girlhood by Lola's story. Made bold by her success in turning up material where none was thought to exist for her biographies "Mammy Pleasant" and "Mammy Pleasant's Partner," Miss Holdredge tackled the legend of Lola. Taking nothing for granted, she traced Lola from her unloved childhood as Eliza Gilbert, through her four marriages (the fourth a morganatic union with Ludwig) to her death from syphilis in a Manhattan tenement in 1861. The result is, at the least, a major contribution to California local history.

But though she is a talented researcher, Miss Holdredge is not a writer of much distinction. Her clauses dangle, her "who's" appear where her "whom's" ought to be, and vice versa, and the level of her prose is little above that of a syndicated newspaper series on, say, Clark Gable's Four Wives. Miss Holdredge is capable of some shrewd guesses about Lola's personality and the degree to which it merged fantasy and reality, but she has adopted a sentimental attitude toward her subject—"this misunderstood woman"—that gets in the way of the reader's approach to understanding. We are told that Lola was witty, but only one good example of her wit is given; her quoted letters, far from displaying wit, are downright embarrassing. We are belabored with references to Lola's beauty, "her lovely lips" and "incredible breasts," but Lola herself never comes alive. What turned that "good little thing," Betty James the subaltern's wife, into Lola Montez, the erotic symbol of her generation? One cannot decide from "The Woman in Black," which makes her sound surprisingly dull.

—From "The Woman in Black."

"Whatever Lola [Montez] wanted Lola got."

Manila Ménage

"Bare Feet in the Palace," by Agnes Newton Keith *(Little, Brown. 370 pp. $5), is the chronicle of the two years the author spent in Manila while her husband served as a U.N. forestry expert. Lucy Herndon Crockett, our reviewer, spent several years in the Orient and has written a number of volumes about it, one of them a novel.*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

ALMOST everyone who has undergone unusual adventures would like to attempt a book that records personal experiences and observations. The catch is that the author must convince the reader that what he does and thinks is important or interesting, or anyway amusing. Agnes Newton Keith, who has several delightfully documented experiences to her credit (life in North Borneo with her British husband in "Land Below the Wind"; war years as prisoner of the Japanese in "Three Came Home") has, in her most recent book, "Bare Feet in the Palace," not quite convinced this reader that the activities of the three Keiths are to be of inexhaustible interest forever.

"Bare Feet in the Palace" brings the chronicle of the Keith family up to date, through two years during which Mr. Keith was assigned in Manila as forestry expert by the United Nations. It amounts to a collection of loosely organized essays under chapter titles that sometimes seem to have little to do with the subject at hand.

This is neither a light nor yet a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scholarly book. Some nice phrasing ("social life was a series of controlled antics shared with others who thought exactly the same as you did about things") is thinly scattered through vague observations as Mrs. Keith does extensive soul-searching about Asians and specifically Filipinos. There is a lot of breezy family conversation in which a lot of information is folded. There is also a lot of meaningless chatter. The author's sketches, breaking the text, are charmingly naive.

Half the book deals with the family life of the Keiths, wrapped around incidents few of which are remarkable: We arrive in Manila. . . . we buy a dog. . . . son George makes friends with the local Filipino boys. . . . they build a tree house. . . . the dog is kidnapped.

The other half are the author's reflections on the Philippine Islands as of 1953-1954, with emphasis on the pitiable lot of the long-oppressed Filipino, and soaring hope for the future now that a man of the people—Ramon Magsaysay—leads the young nation. The title of the book derives from the accessibility of the President in his palace to the lowliest Filipino. Mrs. Keith's admiration for Magsaysay is lyrical.

The author's opinions will not stagger the serious reader with their profundity. There is more sentiment than validity in such observations as that the annual per capita income in 1953 of the Filipino is $173 as compared to that of $1,600 in the United States; it is difficult to see what significance can be derived from any comparison reflecting the economic demands of a tropical country where the diet is rice, fish, and bananas and those of the most highly industrialized nation on earth. In her compassion for the Filipino Mrs. Keith sees only a long and a sorrowful history of exploitation.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Doris Fleischman Bernays—"calm, rational."

Her research has failed to unearth any of the considerable benefits the Islands received from nearly forty years of U.S. colonial government. She writes that we can only take credit for two things: "One, we passed on the ideal of government by the people. Two, we left the islands on time—to remain away." Any fair picture of Philippine history should also note the very great U.S. contribution to the Island welfare; aside from extensive building of roads and schools, enough was done through sanitation and health measures alone (smallpox, rife at the turn of the century, has been knocked off the Islands) for the average height of the Filipino in this time to increase one inch.

The most vital change that is taking place, according to Mrs. Keith, is among the women. "Women in Asia, from having been chattels, now seem created to make the rest of us envious. They are always the handsomest women at any gathering, and upon knowing them better they usually prove to be the brightest and bravest. They combine having babies and husbands with careers and beauty in apparent harmony. At every international meeting of women in the Philippines, and there are many, we Western women come away feeling old and drab. . . ." A tribute with which this reviewer, a drab Western female, soundly concurs!

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 653

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 653 will be found in the next issue.

DR DQ JFQDJP RM

QOSFPJ RZJ HDPHBJ

RZFA RM EJR PMSAI

F YFRZJYFRDHDFA.

—FSESQRSQ IJYMPEFA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 652

Depend on the rabbit's foot if you will, but remember it didn't work for the rabbit!

—R. E. Shay.

Double Life

"A Wife Is Many Women," by Doris Fleischman Bernays *(Crown Publishers. 209 pp. $3), is an appraisal of the many careers modern woman leads and offers some suggestions as to how they may be reconciled. Jean Wade Rindlaub, who reviews it here, spends one of her many lives in a leading advertising agency.*

By Jean Wade Rindlaub

"TO LIVE in two different worlds at the same time," Ann Bridge wrote recently, "is both difficult and disconcerting." Doris Fleischman Bernays, author of "A Wife Is Many Women," is hard to disconcert. But she admits to minor difficulties in juggling the complex pieces of her double life as a partner with her husband in America's leading public-relations office, and as a homemaker, hostess, and mother.

Her book is more than autobiography. It is a calm and rational appraisal of the demands upon the homemaker for which no woman seems to be adequately educated or prepared.

A man is trained for the job he is expected to do. But who educates a woman to be household purchasing agent, decorator, budget-keeper, account-juggler, hotel manager, practical nurse, competent hostess, good companion, creative cook, amateur plumber, painter, carpenter, psychiatrist, ethical adviser—just to name a few of the many fields in which she is somehow expected to excel.

Women who have walked that careful tightrope of the two-job wife, balancing home crisis against business crisis with practiced skill, will find many of their inmost thoughts on the pages of Mrs. Bernays's book. Here is honest admission good for the soul, that "any woman who works outside the home and keeps house is in danger of developing a double sense of guilt. She probably overworks in both jobs to placate her conscience. She has to prove to herself that she is not shirking office work for household duties, and she works overtime at housewifery because she spends her days at an office. We feel guilty because we are expected to do so many things for which we haven't time, training, or skill."

If you have been feeling your share of this guilt so peculiarly a product of our present generation, when soci-

(*Continued on page* 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S.A.

Prohibition of the Word

"The Right to Read: The Battle Against Censorship," by Paul Blanshard *(Beacon Press. 339 pp. $3.50), delves into some history of an important American tenet and comes up with some interesting conclusions.*

By Gilbert Seldes

TO WRITE a balanced and judicious book about the suppression of books is difficult, but Paul Blanshard has done it, and those who think of him as a fanatic will be disappointed again. On page sixty-two he tells the story of leftist pressure on the Book-of-the-Month Club (in the case of Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal") and on page sixty-five he praises the Catholic priests and editors who saved the Boston Public Library after the mayor of the city had yielded to a scurrilous attack on the freedom to read, ignobly carried out by the *Boston Post*. Moreover, he says right at the beginning, "We must admit that the right to read is not an unalloyed good and that it carries with it some unalloyed evils." Note that he does not say that the right to read can be diminished. But the concession that this right isn't of itself essentially and unalterably a blessing is extraordinary.

Also enlightening to the absolutists is Blanshard's dissection of Milton: "For him the atheist, the faithful Roman Catholic, and the social revolutionist had no rights. . . ." He reminds us that the framers of the Constitution "indicated their interest in free speech rather perfunctorily.... The wording of the First Amendment was negative rather than positive.... [they] had no intention whatever of giving the people the *absolute* right of free speech." He might also have mentioned the attempt of Thomas Jefferson to suppress the Boston newspapers, just to round out the picture.

Because the approach is so undogmatic and the tone so cool the book is tremendously impressive. This is a success story in the long run. In matters of sex, of religion, and of ideas in general the suppressors have failed all along the line. Only in regard to Communist literature is the situation cloudy.

But the book reminds us that we do not live in the long run: we live in short takes. Today a constable sweeps some paperbacks off a drugstore stand, tomorrow a newsdealer is *told* not to handle certain magazines, yesterday the Girl Scouts were intimidated into taking out all references to "one world" in their basic literature, and UNESCO may not be mentioned, one gathers, in the schools of Los Angeles. At every point the attack must be met, not because the specific instance is important but because the existence of the power to suppress generates more power. Mr. Blanshard quotes Zechariah Chafee: "The precise language of a sedition law is like the inscription on a sword. . . . Once the sword is placed in the hands of the people in power . . . then, whatever it says, they will be able to . . . slash at almost any unpopular person who is . . . writing anything that they consider objectionable. . . ." More than that, if the atmosphere of suppression is not altered censorship by taboo and by custom will result. In 1950 the newsdealers of New York City decided not to sell the Communist *Daily Worker* at their five hundred stands; in this case "adverse criticism from government officials and the press" reversed the ban, but it is a fair bet that nine out of ten citizens were totally indifferent to the jeopardy in which all printed matter had been placed by this action.

THERE is more to this book. The documented story of the fight for freedom is introduced by another story—the story of reading itself, of the habit of reading when one has the right. This is the truly discouraging part of the book. Who is going to fight for the right to read when so few people read at all? Only 5 per cent of us buy books habitually and even paperbound books are bought by a small fraction of the total population. A recent survey indicated that while 55 per cent of the adults in England were reading books, only 17 per cent of Americans were.

Regularly as clockwork the movies and television are blamed for this situation and with equal regularity a librarian (and sometimes even a publisher) will say something about increase in reading. We are now at or near the end of a full century of free public education and we can truly say that proportionately as many people read anything requiring the slightest concentration as did a hundred years ago. I find this insufficient ground for rejoicing.

Mr. Blanshard does not directly discuss the entertainment arts which take up so much of our time. He would have had to write another, longer book to encompass all the attempts to censor and suppress them. But he is aware of their influence and of their problems, and the final word he says on his own subject applies to the others as well: "Whatever men may think about the practical advantages and disadvantages of intellectual freedom in a world of militantly aggressive nation-states, there is no doubt that, as William Allan Nielson once said, 'it is through freedom and not through compulsion that the human spirit gains in power and reach.'"

In simplest terms, "The Right to Read" is a weapon in the battle for intellectual freedom and, as an extra attraction, it is the kind of weapon which it is a pleasure to handle and to use.

Earth

By Marcia McGhee

THE beauty of earth is reality
The warmth of the soil is felt.
The wild deluge of rain; the wailing winds
Pass—and there is silence.
And all that was, is now unreal.
All but the hard, cool stone
All but the soft, soft earth
And in these things are Beauty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Antis

***"Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925," by John Higham** (Rutgers University Press. 431 pp. $6), traces the history of racial and religious prejudices in the U. S. since the Civil War era. Our reviewer, Ray Allan Billington, is professor of American history at Northwestern University.*

By Ray Allan Billington

DESPITE the comparative youth (thirty-four) of its author, John Higham's "Strangers in the Land," a study of American nativism between 1860 and 1925, is an exciting, mature volume, a tightly knit narrative that progresses with all the momentum of adventure fiction, the sparkling prose of a gifted writer, the sweeping generalizations of a seasoned scholar. It is a stimulating appraisal of one phase of the American mind during its growth to maturity, one of the outstanding historical works of the year and deserving the attention of the committee on Pulitzer awards.

Professor Higham was led into his task both by his own deficiencies and by those of his fellow historians. When he began a modest study of the attitudes underlying the immigrant restrictive legislation of the 1920s he found that no reliable studies of nativism in the post-Civil War era existed. Hence he must trace the development of anti-foreign sentiment from 1860 onward. To do so required an understanding of the inner attitudes and the social complexes that engender man's hatred of man. This he acquired only after a thorough study of social psychology and sociology. Thus equipped with the tools (but not the jargon) of the social scientists, he embarked on an interpretative study of nativism. That he could not tell the whole story in one volume was clear from the outset; "many parts," he writes in introducing his excellent bibliography, "still need careful monographic study."

Nativism by Professor Higham's definition is "intense opposition to an internal minority on the ground of its foreign (*i.e.*, 'un-American') connections." The American nativistic spirit, he finds, normally blended anti-Catholicism, anti-radicalism, and Anglo-Saxon racism, but always in different proportions. At times, as in the 1880s and 1890s, nativists railed against Catholics and radicals while pridefully insisting that America's racial mixture was producing a finer breed of men; at other times, as in the 1820s, they paid less attention to political heretics as they concentrated on protecting "Nordics" from the Papacy and from mongrolization by "lesser races." Each of these recurring nativistic cycles, Professor Higham shows, coincided with a period of social tension. In years of confidence, such as those following the Civil War or the "exhilarating little war with Spain," agitation was reduced to a minimum; in years of uncertainty, when tensions bred by rapid change or a troubled international situation aroused the necessity for a whipping boy, outbursts occurred in which Catholics, Jews, and immigrants were the victims.

In the first of these periods, that beginning with the Haymarket affair in 1886 and ending with the election of McKinley in 1896, the nativistic impulse was fostered by the sense of insecurity that accompanied the national readjustment to an industrialized economy; and labor strife, the growth of monopolies, and the transition to an urban pattern left the people tense and uncertain. The result was a wave of intolerance that reached an ugly climax with the virulent anti-Catholicism and anti-foreignism of the American Protective Association. The second principal era of nativism began about 1906 when the fading of the progressives' dream convinced Americans that the social millennium was still distant, and the era lasted until 1925. Feeding the flames of this bigotry was distrust of the "New Immigration" from southeastern Europe, the "jubilant Anglo-Saxonism" of the imperialists of that day, and the wartime hatred of Germans which was transferred first to all "Hyphenated Americans" and then to "Bolshevists." With the end of World War I these hatreds flared. They appeared in the "Great Red Scare," in the vogue for racism and for 100-percent Americanism, in the Ku Klux Klan, and in the immigration laws that ended one phase of America's history.

With remarkable restraint, Professor Higham resists the temptation to preach. Yet he makes a point that holds hope for the future. The center of bigotry, he shows, has steadily retreated, westward and southward. In the 1870s and 1880s it was located in the cities of the Eastern seaboard. Then it retreated to the cities of the Middle West where it remained during the A.P.A. interlude, and finally after 1906 it retreated to the rural portions of the West and South. This suggests that as men of differing races and creeds have met and mingled they have developed a mutual understanding fatal to nativistic sentiments.

The Mild Radicals

***"The Socialist Party of America," by David A. Shannon** (Macmillan. 320 pp. $4.50), traces the rise and fall of that political party's importance in U. S. history. It is reviewed here by Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr., author of "The Decline of American Liberalism."*

By Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr.

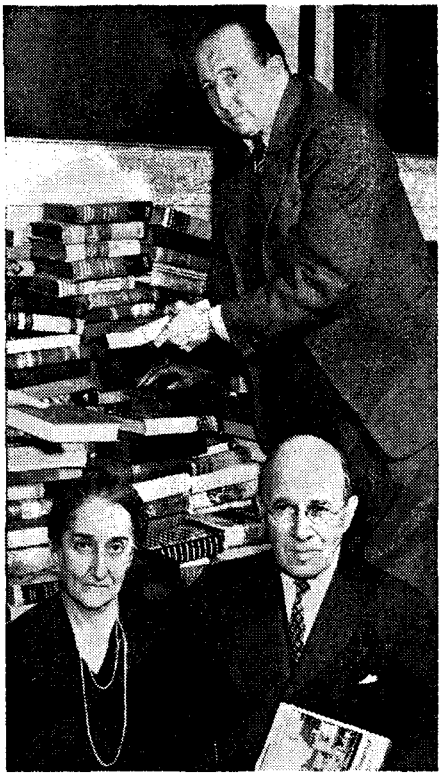
"THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF AMERICA" is the latest of a number of books on the subject by a group of younger historians. Beginning with Ray Ginger's fine biography of Eugene Debs in 1949, we have had the encyclopedic two-volume work and bibliography "Socialism and American Life," plus the able studies of Howard Quint and Ira Kipnis, treating respectively the Socialist movement in its nineteenth century origins and in its decade of greatest strength during the 1900s. Professor Shannon's particular contribution is readable and modest sized, but it is thoroughly documented. Where other writers have been concerned with special phases or periods, or with the Socialist movement as distinct from the party, Shannon, a professor of history at Teachers College, Columbia University, gives the first systematic, scholarly summary of the party of Eugene Debs, Victor Berger, Morris Hillquit, and Norman Thomas.

From its founding in 1898, when the Western elements led by Debs and Berger joined the Eastern wing of Hillquit, to the Presidential campaign of Darlington Hoopes in 1952 Shannon deals with the party not only in terms of its internal workings but also in its relationship to the broader development of American politics. What emerges is a picture of weakness and of bitter interparty factionalism, reflecting the long-standing ideological differences among American Socialists. That the party was able to achieve even a measure of unity and electoral success was due to the reputation of national figures like Debs and Thomas, and of such local leaders as Berger in Milwaukee.

Throughout its history the Socialist Party failed to gain the strong backing of organized labor, which had little of the class consciousness of its European fellows. After 1912 it gradually lost its former sizable Western agrarian support. The immigrant and foreign-language federations, which had made up an important part of the membership before

(*Continued on page* 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WORLD OF AMY LOVEMAN

Miss Loveman surrounded by her books and her colleagues: William Rose Benét (standing) and Henry Seidel Canby.

Her Writing

By HARRISON SMITH, *president and associate editor of* SR *since 1938.*

MORE needs to be said about Amy Loveman as a writer analyzing the contemporary scene and its changing literature. Her associates depended on her sound judgment when they were concerned with some outrageous turn of events or indignant at the public's acceptance or at a publisher's extravagant praise of some obviously meretricious book, and they soon discovered that anger was a poor substitute for rational thought. It was an enlightening experience to discuss with a woman who had a profound knowledge of the literature in which she had been immersed for thirty years the apparent decline of reason and sensibility revealed in the book of a writer who should have known better than to plunge into sensationalism in the hope of finding a larger audience. She appeared to be incapable of anger and never permitted herself to use the barbed phrases and clichés which may pass for wit in literary circles.

When Miss Loveman had made up her mind no one could change it; indeed it is doubtful if any one of her associates ever had the temerity to try; and since in the long run it turned out that she was always right she had no reason to doubt the validity of her own opinions. In argument, at least in this writer's experience, she never raised her voice or talked at length; she preferred to listen to others. If one of her friends on a rare occasion plunged headlong over the border of common sense she looked at him calmly as if she were recalling George Herbert's ancient lines: "The worse speak something good; if all want sense God takes a text and preacheth pa-ti-ence."

Indeed, she was everlastingly patient, for example, even with Senator McCarthy, whom she certainly had never met. In the midst of the turmoil in Washington a year ago last June she listened to an intemperate outburst of a fellow editor with equanimity, and then uttered a brief and lucid sentence to the effect that there had always been men who, like the Senator, wished to be dictators. They were, she said, the product of a time of confusion and fear; but in a society which was both prosperous and on the whole intelligent they could not endure for long. There was no more to be said for the moment on that subject. A month later the Senator was out of business as a prospective dictator. Apparently she sensed that God had been preaching patience again.

Certainly Miss Loveman did not have the appearance of a sibyl. One was always aware that she was a slim, graceful, and admirable woman whose opinions were the product of a contemplative mind and a long and retentive memory. As the poetry editor of *The Saturday Review* she was, of course, overwhelmed with verses from every state in the Union. Since she knew that the majority of the magazine's readers were not *aficionados,* to put it mildly, of what is known as modern poetry she was in a difficult position. Asked one day what she thought of a sample of apparently incomprehensible verse she replied that it doubtless was poetry, and she was sorry that she could not understand it, but on the other hand she could not comprehend the symbols which mathematicians and other scientists

To A. L.

December 11, 1955

By M.A.B.

DILIGENT Janeite, happy bibliophile,
"Dear Amy" in a multitude of hearts—
This earth has been more generous a while
Warmed by your gentle arts.

Daughter of duty, sister of devotion,
Gray lady to a sometimes crippled muse,
You knew the healing word, the selfless motion
That turned life to our use.

You knew the art to tend a Benét's fire,
Relish a Morley's fun, a Canby's lore,
Parry DeVoto's thunder, Cousins' ire,
All smiling as before.

You read, and sifted through your tireless eyes
The true from false, to bring us all delight.
You wrote, and saying well and being wise,
You gave us sight.

This goodness goes—but leaves us in this place
Replenished by its singular deep grace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decipher with ease. Willing as a rule to yield to the majority if there were no principle at stake which ran counter to her common sense or her principles, she could on occasion be stubborn and immovable.

For many years she was burdened with two time-absorbing tasks: one as associate editor of *The Saturday Review,* and a still more onerous position on the Book-of-the-Month Club, first as the head of its vital department which selects out of hundreds of books the few which reach a corps of eminent judges. Years ago she became the second woman to hold that position. She worked in complete agreement with her associates until the problem arose of accepting Robert Ruark's long, highly-entertaining, and horrendous novel of the Mau-Mau revolt in Kenya which was accepted with apparent enthusiasm by all her associate judges. Her dissenting opinion was published in the April issue of the *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"This is an absorbing book," she wrote, "but many readers will find it a shocking one, as I did, and that is the reason I did not approve of its selection. It is not shocking in the ordinary sense of the word, for it contains no obscenity and no deliberate attempt at sensationalism, but shocking by sheer weight of its facts. Mr. Ruark is a journalist, with the journalist's zeal for information, and his descriptions of the rites of primitive peoples and the horrors of the Mau-Mau rebellion spare the reader nothing. This truly, it seems to me, is a case for the old admonition: *Caveat emptor.*"

Many of the scores of Amy Loveman's editorials published through the years in The Saturday Review *are, in the opinion of her co-workers, among the best and most illuminating of their kind. Nearly all of them are actually brief essays, a form of literary art in which she would have excelled if she had been willing to expand them to greater length. Among other qualities they reveal her deep affection for her own country, the depth of her compassion for the suffering and anguish of the common people throughout the war years and in the aftermath of confusion and fear. She had a firm grasp of the dilemma of our educators and wrote of this vital subject with common sense and thorough understanding of future problems. She had no axes to grind, but she was remarkably and gently persuasive when she discussed controversial matters that were disturbing the country, for she was, in the best sense of that much abused word, a patriot.*

In "No Time Like the Present," published a few months after Pearl Harbor, she wrote:

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NATIONS at war undoubtedly follows much the same pattern at all times and in all pacific lands. There must always be the first horrified realization that the stable world of peace is gone, that youth and valor are to be slaughtered, homes broken up, loved ones lost—an agony still imagined rather than felt. There follows the excitement, the exhilaration of sacrifice, the awful intensity of the days when battle becomes a reality and hopes rise and fall with every report from the front, the shuddering response to the first casualty lists, the slow acceptance of the fact that wars are not won in a day and that resolution and courage will flag and need bolstering ever and anon. And then eventually comes the time when civilian populations begin to immense themselves once more in the routine of ordinary life, and when in a country like America, fortunately remote from the actual scene of suffering, daily existence takes on the appearance of callous indifference.

Indifference there cannot be, for there is no family in this land today which has not a personal stake in this conflict, some member of which is not in the battle line or in camp preparing for it, some loved one or dear friend already lost.

There can be none among us who going out into the sunshine of a beautiful day, and feeling the lift of spirit that air and skies bestow, is not painfully aware of a sense of guilt in his own personal well-being and of the vicious disparity between his security and the tragic plight of millions of his fellow men. Yet the terrible—or is it perhaps the fortunate—thing is that the imagination of the average person is so limited that what he has not experienced he cannot conceive. He can wince at the sight of a soldier limping along on a crutch but he cannot with any actuality envisage the whole carnage of war. If he could, there would be no wars.

Her Style

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, *editor,* New York Evening Post Literary Review *(1920-1924); editor,* SRL *(1924-1936); chairman of board of editors since 1936; chairman of the board of judges, Book-of-the-Month Club, since 1926.*

THE loss of Miss Amy Loveman from the Book-of-the-Month Club and *The Saturday Review* is no ordinary deprivation, such as can be expected in the course of the common cruelty of time. Some of us have lived through with her one of the truly exciting periods of American literature, watching generations rise and fall with corresponding changes of opinion until we could see a really new period emerge. In all this Amy Loveman has been a partaker, and to study her constant, fruitful writing would be actively to participate in the flow of American thought during the Twenties and Thirties.

My own privilege has been to work beside her, encouraged by her unfailing energy and boundless willingness to supplement and make and take suggestions, never tiring, never flagging in finding the last good word. Whether in the estimating of new books or the necessary depreciation of inferiorities, she was always ready to take time and give the effort needed to write the truth as she saw it.

She was not a brilliant writer. Soundness was her strength. She was never "clever" in any of the lighter senses of the word. She was not a creative writer, as most men of letters understand creativeness, but more than most writers she had that rare integrity which says what it means, without rhetoric for the sake of being rhetorical. As a critic she was intellectual rather than intuitive or instructive, because her chief objective was always the truth. Yet all her personal qualities came out in a way of writing which was essentially the woman herself—a style better than rhetoric, for it always spoke spontaneously.

One of the greatest and too little appreciated of American authors described in a letter the woman who later became his wife, in words which in a different context might have been used about Amy Loveman. This author was Jonathan Edwards, who wrote, "They say there is a young lady who is beloved of that *Great Being,* who made and rules the world . . . She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind . . . and seems to have someone invisible always conversing with her."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her Friendships

By GEORGE STEVENS, *managing editor, SRL (1933-1938); editor (1938-1940); managing editor, J. B. Lippincott Company since 1940.*

AMY LOVEMAN died four weeks after Bernard DeVoto, whose obituary she wrote for *The Saturday Review*. It was characteristic of her that she could take on a journalistic assignment and write it from the heart. Knowing her well, one thought of her other qualities and forgot that she was a newspaperwoman, but that is probably how she thought of herself. She could handle any assignment, meet any deadline. What she wrote of Benny DeVoto was both affectionate and realistic. She could write about him professionally from her private acquaintance with him, suiting the source of knowledge and the personal relationship to the reader whose relationship to him was impersonal and literary.

What, if we follow her lead, are we to say about her? The first thing is to try to express her unique capacity for friendship. The word capacity is used quantitatively as well as qualitatively. She had more friends than anyone else I ever knew. Their friendship was sustained in constant currency, never in counterfeit. The clichés of protestation, of pretension, were not for her. She saw her friends frequently, naturally, because it came so natural to her to be interested. She thought of them first. There was an amusing habit she had: She would make a remark, or state an opinion; one of us would reply, "I think so too"; then Amy would beam delightedly, enthusiastically, saying, "Yes, *I* think so too," just as if we and not she had originated the proposition we were agreeing about. How characteristic this was of her personality, which was altogether devoid of egotism and self-consciousness!

Not that she was by any means self-effacing. A more positive personality never lived. What made her positive was her warmth; it came natural to her to think in human terms. One of the last times I saw Bernard DeVoto he said, "The older I grow the more I think that the most important thing in life is human warmth." He might have been speaking of Amy. Both of them had it, and both without the least degree of sentimentality, without the slightest compromise of the intelligence.

Many critics take refuge from people in books; Amy loved books because she loved people. She could maintain a unique and influential literary position because she never cared a scrap for a literary abstraction—what she cared for was the life that went into the literature. She saw abstractions come and go: fads, theories, movements, *avant-gardes* that somehow managed to bring up the rear. Her critical sense was always sharp, and always she could criticize the work without touching the writer.

I wonder if Amy ever realized that she represented an astonishing repudiation of the clichés of modern psychology. She was a Victorian spinster who had never been frustrated. She was taking care of her father when he was over ninety, at the same time keeping two full-time jobs, as usual, and entertaining her friends constantly. She lived alone for the last twenty years of her life, and no one was ever less lonely. She read and remembered everything. Modern literature, with its defiance of inhibitions, found her without any inhibitions or defiance of her own, but only tolerance, curiosity, and appreciation—though she did finally draw the line, as a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, at their selection of "Something of Value," by Robert Ruark. She wrote a *caveat emptor* which was utterly free of the censorious, the holier-than-thou, the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the self-appointed moralist. She felt about it, I gather, much as she would have felt if at a public dinner she had been fed roast dog, and she thought it only fair to warn the other guests.

In a word, Amy Loveman uniquely bridged the Victorian and the modern. She was Victorian in her manners and her consideration, her graciousness and her taste. She was modern in the freedom of her mind, the range of her knowledge, her initiative and responsibility in her chosen calling of newspaperwoman. She represented the best of both eras.

"Our venture is a glorious one," said Socrates. "The soul with her own proper jewels, which are justice and courage and nobility and truth, in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey when her time comes." In no one I have ever known have these jewels shone more brightly or more constantly than in Amy Loveman.

SHE leaves a great empty space behind her, not only for her enormous usefulness, but in the hearts of all who knew her. I think I never knew anyone the affection of whose friends was so unclouded. The memory of such a human being is a new treasure in our poor old humanity's chest of values.—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, *member of editorial board, Book-of-the-Month Club (1926-1950).*

Her Importance

By HARRY SCHERMAN, *originator, Book-of-the Month Club (1926); president (1931-1950); chairman of the board since 1950.*

THIS gentle lady, who had not a vestige of self-importance in her, had nevertheless become over the years perhaps the central figure of modern American literature. Practically everybody "literary" knew her. Even more than among writers, however, she had become a key figure among book publishers. Thirty years ago, she became the Chief of the Reading Department of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It was a natural choice; no one else could have been thought of. This job really meant the screening of all books as they were published, and, so far as publishers were concerned, tens of thousands of dollars of income were involved.

For many years (until she herself became a judge, succeeding Dorothy Canfield when the latter retired) every single book the publishers submitted—thousands of them—went first to Amy Loveman. Some she could discard with a glance. Beyond that simple point, however, extreme fairness and extreme catholicity of taste were obviously called for. Every book which she considered might have something uniquely good in it was first sent by her to two readers. Whenever they differed in their appraisal it went to a third. More often than not this third reader, for caution's sake, turned out to be Amy Loveman herself. I have known her to read all, or a great part, of as many as fifty books a month, rarely fewer than thirty a month, while carrying on, incredibly —and seemingly unpressed—all her other activities.

Added to this tireless assumption of responsibility was a golden integrity in her judgment that never compromised with the highest standards. She was no blue-stocking. She could unerringly see faults in a book which came into her hands.

A special radiation came from her, and its source (I think) was her irrepressible eagerness and curiosity about everything human. I recall her delight in old William Allen White's asseveration in an editorial. "I have never been bored an hour in my life. I get up every morning wondering what new strange glamorous thing is going to happen, and it always happens." That was Amy Loveman, too. There was a youngness in her, at the age of seventy-four, as pristine as that of a child.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors: AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor ELOISE PERRY HAZARD
Book Review Editor RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Feature Editor PETER RITNER

Editors-at-Large
HARRISON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK
FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

Contributing Editors
CLEVELAND AMORY
JOHN MASON BROWN
BENNETT CERF
HENRY HEWES
JAMES THRALL SOBY
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1955, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

White House Conference on Education

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Bice Clemow, publisher of the* West Hartford (*Conn.*) *News and well-known commentator on educational matters. Mr. Clemow was one of the many prominent citizens selected to represent the "laity" at the recent White House Conference on Education. Once in Washington, Mr. Clemow watched the ideas and resolutions of the 1,800 delegates from their origins through to final percolation in the Conference's official report.*

MOST of the 1,800 participants of the White House Conference on Education left the sprawling Sheraton-Park Hotel with the feeling that they personally had helped hew a plank. And, quite subjectively, the whole platform, platitudes and all, is a strong space-station from which those who wish to fight for better schools can successfully wage a more effective campaign. It can be documented airtight that the thirty-four-man committee which planned the affair for the President created a unique conference structure and climate in which a wide diversity of individual opinions, staunchly held, found democratic group expression.

True, the six White House Conference reports are expressed in pretty broad generalities, none of them truly new to anybody who has fought for improvement in the public-school system. But the generalities have a new and significant dimension—they constitute a *national view,* openly arrived at by hundreds of able and articulate people.

That the conference had such an immediate and powerful effect is a tribute to the delegates and the earnest manner in which they amalgamated the findings of fifty-three state and territorial conferences, some 4,000 local conferences, and their own reasoned beliefs. Secretary Marion B. Folsom of Health, Welfare, and Education went to Gettysburg and brought back the commitment that "in the weeks ahead this Administration will present to Congress a broadened and improved program of Federal assistance to help erase the classroom deficit and dispel this shadow (lack of adequate school facilities) over our children." To the rank-and-file delegates, most of whom packed a bit of skepticism along with their clean shirt, the startling outcome could be accepted as a manifestation of *hearts* and *minds* put to work on the perplexing dilemmas of our public schools. For in the rather complex "distillation" process, ideas developed at the 165 round-tables, of eleven people each, had to funnel to the top without the benefit of the emotional oratory by which broad resolutions are usually crammed through a big conference.

Chairman Neil H. McElroy, the Procter and Gamble president, had announced from the outset that the delegates had not been invited to a convention in which a steering committee would hammer out resolutions upon which the whole group would debate and vote. The participants had been asked to advise the President, and whether or not the Conference was a gimmick by which the Administration hoped to stall for time in its educational politics, there is evidence that the Conference gave every single participant, in the majority and the dissent, a chance to offer his advice. At the opening the eleven of us at Table 7 had honest doubts whether the whole thing made any sense. We sat down at the first Tuesday morning session on the "aims of education" with the vast and intricate machinery of the conference grinding in our ears. The barny exhibit hall blew hot and then cold. Strangers all, from Hawaii, Alabama, New York, we shook hands and heads as a babble arose from the ninety-nine other tables in the room.

At the outset the hand-picked "first round" chairman of Table 7, a nimble-witted broker from West Virginia, was understandably edgy. The dock-workers' leader from Honolulu wore a small gimlet in his affability. We learned later his conviction that the governors of several states had stacked their particular delegations to short-change labor. The management-training program director who headed a small-town Illinois school board had reservations written across his face, the P-TA state president from Alabama carried her point of view in considerable evidence.

BUT ONCE we set about the job it was obvious that here were eleven disciples of better schools, willing to listen at least part of the time, willing at least to suspend their prejudices, able to compromise. The research expert at our table from the National Education Association, a former superintendent himself, was no exception. We leaned heavily on him for technical information, as undoubtedly was true at the other 164 tables. This truth led some of the critics to condemn the Conference for being dominated by the professionals. But the educators were outnumbered two to one, and their easy articulation was—at least at our Table 7—never overpowering. My guess would be that at other tables, where college presidents mixed with governors, mothers with management, lawyers with principals, tax experts from the National Association of Manufacturers with labor economists, no voice prevailed except that it clearly expressed the preponderant view at that table.

On the first topic, The Aims, we were faced with an "agenda" for the discussion. Here again the critics found fault. This put the delegates in an intellectual straitjacket, they claimed. But if anything were to coalesce out of the conference each table had to congeal its views around

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a common set of questions. For example, at Table 7 one of the delegates looked hard at the first proposition which began something like this: "The local communities of the United States have inherited a commitment. . . ." The delegate reacted: "This is too narrow a premise. It is really our American society which has inherited a commitment to provide an educational opportunity for all." After some batting back and forth, the table agreed this was a more valid premise and our recorder for that session began to frame our answer to the first question. When the final conference report on aims was presented that same evening it read "The people of the United States have inherited a commitment, and have the responsibility to provide for all a full opportunity for a free public education regardless of physical, intellectual, social, or emotional differences, or of race, creed, or religion."

John Hersey, strolling through the corridor, confided that the national committee was a little worried lest the general piety of the first report on the aims of education might dilute the delegates' enthusiasm for their task. It did not prove so. Apparently the conference was emotionally adjusted to the limitations of its job. In the discussion on school buildings the little group at Table 7, by now old friends who were inviting each other to dinner, hammered out a unanimous opinion of our eleven people. I happened this time to be the recorder and remember writing it down about this way: "No state represented has a demonstrated financial incapacity to build the schools it will need during the next five years. But, with the exception of a few states, none of the states presently has plans which indicate a political determination powerful enough to overcome all of the obstacles." And that is the way it appeared the next morning in *The New York Times* as the consensus of the conference. There had been minor editing along the way, but not a single significant word was changed. By chance Table 7 had best expressed the way the big majority felt.

It was surprising how often this happened. The same phraseology popped up. As the leaders took the copy of their tables' findings up they operated under a stern injunction that *no new ideas were to be added.* And I doubt if they were. The disbelieving will claim that in the merging of the opinions from 165 tables personal bias inevitably crept in. I have only to reply that the original view of *every* table on *every* subject discussed is a matter of permanent record. When Sloan Wilson ("The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit") puts together the final report of the staff studies made by the Committee for the White House Conferences, to add to the participants' reports, which go to the President unchanged, he will have the views of the majority and minority at every table.

This is vitally important on the subject of Federal aid to education, which was magnified by the press out of what some delegates thought its proper proportions. There was, however, no question that it was the hottest thing on the program. Table 7 approached it gingerly. We had been talking around the point for two days. My tablemates saw I wanted to be the leader on this one, a newspaperman's instinct for trouble. We were again all unhappy at the way the questions were framed, but the issue would be joined no matter how you stated the case.

After an hour's discussion we saw that this was the question on which we could resolve our feelings only by counting noses. So we took the narrowest possible base—in any sphere did the Federal Government have to increase its financial participation in public education? Not without restrictions and guarantees and hedges, several at our table insisted. But that wasn't the question. With all those qualifications, was it No or Yes? And with them, we voted ten to zero, Yes, the Federal Government has to increase its financial participation. The Negro superintendent of schools from South Carolina abstained. His state was well along with its building program.

This was the vote I took with me to the next echelon. There a table representing about 110 delegates tallied up its tables and came out with a majority of two to one. Some tables had seven-to-four splits, maybe a few six-to-five. But it was a clear decision. The gentleman who was chairman *pro tem* of this echelon (because he came from a table whose number ended in 1) was from Alaska.

The problems were so different there, he was not anxious to be chairman. I hope I did not show my opposite anxiety.

Be that as it may (and it was) I eventually found myself, nearing 11 o'clock at night, in the rarefied aura of the semifinal tables. One in each of two adjoining rooms, the walls lined with the nation's top reporters on education. As last man up, I was introduced to the table of eight whose job it was to distil the findings of about 900 delegates. The room was not smoke-filled. (A cab driver reported it was the driest convention he ever carried around Washington.) But the air had an artfully relaxed tenseness. The names meant little to me, but the titles were impressive: "President of the University of Kansas City and former U. S. Commissioner of Education"; "Executive Secretary of the Maryland State Teachers' Association"; "California Senator"; "Professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University"; "Superintendent of Schools of Mamaroneck"; "Superintendent of Schools at Fayetteville, Arkansas"; "Executive Secretary, National Council of Chief State School Officers."

"HOW did an amateur sneak in here?" I asked. The laugh was a little short of hearty. But the spirit was good. There was a brief pause while the eight jockeyed for leadership. Prof. James Russell, from Teachers' College, ventured, "Ed, you ought to do it. I nominate Dr. Fuller." Somebody beside me quickly seconded it. That was it. Dr. Edgar Fuller, executive secretary of the National Council of Chief State School Officers, suggested we read, counter-clockwise, the reports we had brought with us from the table below. It was amazing the similarity, even in the language. One group below us had, however, been blessed with a recorder whose flair for clarity stood out. Much of his or her wording survived. The ideas were much the same as we all reported. Occasionally somebody would inject, "Well, I didn't agree, but this is the way *my* tables felt."

Gradually the semifinal report took shape. After we had toted up the count I said I'd take a crack at writing the statement on Federal aid. I have now before me the ruled sheet of paper on which I scribbled down: "Subject to the conditions below, the delegates from tables 1 to 80 voted by a ratio of more than two to one that the Federal Government should increase its financial participation in public education. Of those favoring such increase the overwhelming majority approves an in-

(*Continued on page* 29)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WARUM SO SCHNELL?

I LIKED Horace Sutton's "Across the Brenner and Into the Freeze" [*SR* Nov. 12] and his pleasure in Switzerland at not finding signs that read "Warning—Speed Controlled by Radar." In July I had a similar experience in Vienna, where there is a delightful road-sign in the vicinity of the famous *Rathaus*. It states simply, "Warum so schnell?"

JOANNE BINDER.

Baldwin, N. Y.

BEHIND THE REJECTION SLIP

THE BASIC FACT that Ross Parmenter [Block That Rejection Slip! *SR* Dec. 3] ignores is that all editors are avidly seeking authors who really write. They assiduously keep up contacts with agents, they attend writers' conferences, they scan the magazines regularly, they follow any leads they can get—all with the hope of finding a writer whose talent will warrant the offer of a contract.

The form rejection admittedly is vague and probably contains something which sounds like a cliche to the annoyed writer. The beginning writer may feel that it is outrageous to be brushed off with a generality, but there are two very good reasons for this: specific criticism, unless the editor feels hopeful it can lead to a contract, is all too apt to raise the writer's hopes cruelly and involve the editor in a long, pointless literary argument. The editor is not paid to teach writing to anyone who cares to call upon his talents. Secondly, while some writers are genuinely anxious for help and guidance, all too many do not want honest criticism unless it happens to be favorable. Heaven help the editor who writes, "Your plot is an obvious one and your material full of cliches," and cites examples to prove it.

Parmenter also says that an author "does not take kindly to the rejection of a serious manuscript" in an envelope which advertises an admittedly frivolous cartoon book. Did it ever occur to the author to check the publisher's catalogue before sending in his manuscript to see whether or not the publisher had ever brought out anything vaguely similar to the book he had in mind? The lists of various publishers have very definite characteristics, and the number of people who, for instance, send poetry to houses which have not published a book of poems in twenty years is considerable.

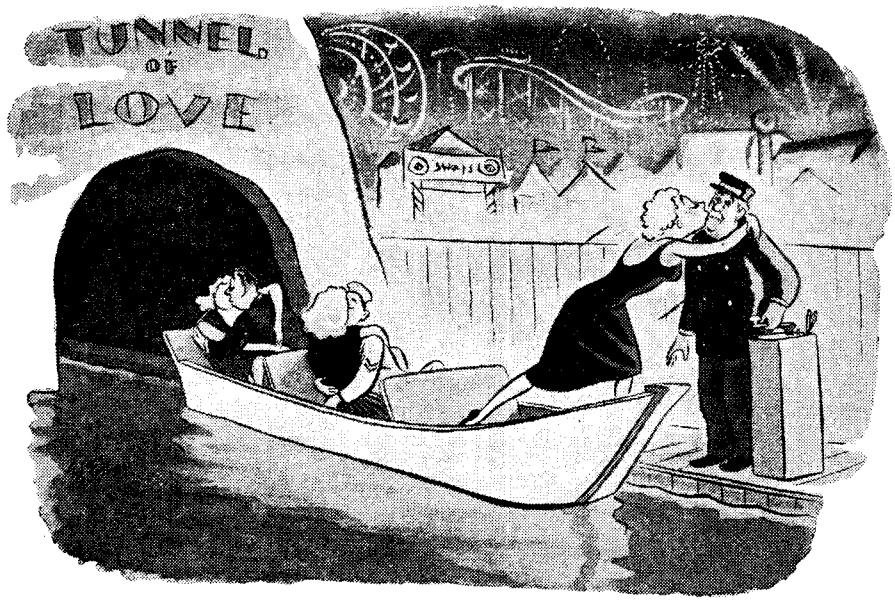
Very few would-be writers seem to realize that they are asking an editor to gamble thousands of dollars of his employer's money in publishing the manuscripts they submit. The juvenile editor will not—*can* not— be impressed with the claim that "I've read this story to all my children and they think it's wonderful." Nor is it helpful when the author appears in person and wants to "explain" his manuscript to somebody. A book must speak for itself.

No matter how tough the fiction market may be, no matter what state of change or crisis the publishing business may be in, the fact remains that editors want and need young writers desperately. But an editor must sit alone and make up his own mind—and he is paid to be right. Of course, there are very few experienced editors who at some time have not turned down something another house has published, sometimes successfully. Editors know this, and still cannot help making the wrong decision occasionally. But the man with something to say will find a means to say it. The door is always open somewhere for the talented.

ELIZABETH BRAGDON.

Bobbs-Merrill Company.

New York, N. Y.



CURTAILED ENDOWMENTS?

DR. WARREN WEAVER, vice president for the natural and medical sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation, has been kind enough to point out to me an error in my article "The Emergency in Basic Science" [*SR* July 16]. It is concerned with the following statement; "Private foundations are also drying up. The Rockefeller Foundation, which supported some scientists in the past with outstanding results, has now mainly diverted its curtailed funds for emergency services abroad."

My source for this information was taken from a scientific journal which I unfortunately assumed to be correct and authoritative reporting. The error in this scientific journal, however, was noted later in a letter to the editor. This letter of criticism escaped my attention, and is another one of many instances where the correction fails to catch up with the original article.

It seems that the income of the Rockefeller Foundation was larger in 1954 than it has ever been in any previous year and, although the funds may appear "curtailed" in respect to increased needs and comparisons with other sources, its operating effectiveness has not diminished but has probably increased. May I acknowledge my error and indicate that there was no intent to criticize the Rockefeller Foundation, but merely to emphasize the fact that most endowments were down but that needs had vastly increased.

THOMAS H. GRAINGER.

Bethlehem, Pa.

WHAT MAKES A GENIUS?

AS ONE WHO HAS LONG RECOGNIZED the crying need for a clearer differentiation between talent and genius, I read Delbert Clark's article "What Makes a Genius?" [*SR* Nov. 12] with eager anticipation. I have been amazed at the liberal application of the word "genius" by apparently intelligent critics and biographers who stretch—or perhaps I should say shrink —the term to fit a host of more or less talented authors, not to mention actors, dancers, and painters, from the Brontë sisters all the way down the line to Louisa May Alcott! However, I remain skeptical about the neat formula provided by Mr. Clark. Perhaps it suffices where the sciences are concerned, but in the arts surely the newness of a contribution is not the criterion of its greatness. It is the degree of originality that distinguishes the genius from the merely gifted person, but what is true originality? Not the creation of new forms or techniques. The most insignificant artists can achieve that. I think it is rather in depth of insight, breadth of conception, and scope of expression that genius transcends talent. The outstanding attribute of the genius is his perception of the eternal realities which lie beneath the temporal surface.

MARION C. FRASER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Two Masterpieces in Search of an Audience

PIRANDELLO's **"Six Characters in Search of an Author,"** when properly revived—as it was at the Comedie-Française two years ago—is a gripping exploration of several levels of reality. These include the bogus and conventional "stage truth" of ham actors, the not totally comprehended truth beneath the surface of "ordinary" lives, and the truth of fictional characters whose lives are eternally defined by the few actions an author invents for them. Pirandello dramatizes all this by bringing a family of six fictional characters into a rehearsal where they try to convince actors to portray them not in stage cliches but as they are.

The Phoenix Theatre production of the thirty-four-year-old play uses a new adaptation by Michael Wager and Tyrone Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie also directed it, and the result is a badly-blended mixture of the director's uncontrollable weakness for theatrical shenanigans and Pirandello's austere journey. The emphasis has been shifted from the six real characters to the actors, whose foibles and pretenses are absurdly exaggerated. The six characters, whose stark reality must clash with the posturing performers, seem genuine only at moments. The key role of the tragic stepfather, as played by Whitfield Connor, appears almost as melodramatic and artificial as the actors'. And Betty Lou Holland brings an inappropriate Sally Bowles quality to the part of the stepdaughter. While Michael Wager makes a deeply intense and highly ascetic son, in whose suffering we believe, and Katherine Squire also a genuinely anguished mother, one rarely senses any interrelationship.

In addition to all this emphasis on the unabashedly theatrical, Mr. Guthrie is unable to resist introducing the equally flashy element of prestidigitation, as he has an actress disappear leaving only an empty dress behind. He ends the play with the discovery that one of the characters, whose death has shocked everyone, is just a straw dummy. These devices merely call attention to themselves and away from the main line of Pirandello's theme. Perhaps it is better not to find an author at all than to find a director who acts as if he is one.

IN THE field of the novel, James Joyce's **"Finnegans Wake"** occupies a position at the top of last generation's *avant-garde* heap similar to that attained by Pirandello's play in the field of drama. Since this ambitious tome is virtually impossible to read and must be pursued like a foreign work with a translating key, and even then only has full meaning if we are thoroughly familiar with a great many other books, the notion of presenting sections of it onstage before an unprepared audience would seem to promise two hours of irritating pretentiousness and exasperating obscurity.

Happily, the Poet's Theatre production of "Finnegans Wake" at New York's YMHA Poetry Center turned out to be an entertaining and meaningful evening with no homework required. After a prologue between a Dubliner and Shawn, the first act begins as does the book at the wake where Shem, Shawn, and H. C. Earwicker (Finnegan's *alter ego*) are among the mourners. This is followed by the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" sequence, with its gossiping women washing clothes in the River Liffey. And to close the act there is a tavern scene. The second act devotes itself to a series of Mr. Earwicker's mostly ribald dreams, until at the end we circle back to the beginning scene.

While the lay listener may find the dialogue gibberish, a fine company of actors succeeds admirably in reflecting the Dublin atmosphere and in speaking with genuine emotion and thought. They hold on to Joyce's fundamental, simple feeling for human mortality, illustrated by the line, "The pleasures of life outlast a lifetime." The play contains some moody ballads and these too help us to catch Joyce's universal compassion. Humor is also present in abundance, with Joyce bequeathing us outrageous puns, literary jokes, and spontaneous Rabelaisianism. "And how are Julietta's huggermuggers?" murmurs Jaunty John in one of the dream sequences, as he peers down the middy blouse of an adolescent schoolgirl.

Mary Manning, who adapted "Finnegans Wake." Edward Thommen, who directed it, and an excellent cast of actors which include Tom Clancy, Edward Chamberlain, Grant Kilpatrick, Jack Rogers, Sarah Braveman, and Kate Curling did nobly in providing us with the best imaginable introduction to perhaps the most unapproachable work in modern literature.

—HENRY HEWES.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"KISMET"
In CinemaScope and Color Starring
HOWARD KEEL
ANN BLYTH
DOLORES GRAY
VIC DAMONE
with
MONTY WOOLLEY • SEBASTIAN CABOT
Screen Play and Book by
CHARLES LEDERER and LUTHER DAVIS
Music and Lyrics by
ROBERT WRIGHT and GEORGE FORREST
Photographed in Eastman Color
Directed by
VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by
ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"
Far-famed pageant, produced by Leonidoff.
"Joy Bells"
Holiday spectacle, produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, and Symphony Orchestra, directed by Raymond Paige

VISTAVISION
The boldest story of love you've ever been permitted to see!

Paramount presents
BURT LANCASTER · ANNA MAGNANI
in Hal Wallis' production of
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'
THE ROSE TATTOO
also starring MARISA PAVAN · BEN COOPER
with Virginia Grey • Jo Van Fleet • Sandro Giglio
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Screenplay by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Adaptation by HAL KANTER • Based on the Play "THE ROSE TATTOO" by Tennessee Williams

Astor B'way & 45th St.
Doors Open 9:45 A.M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Rehearsals at the Box Office

HABITUES of the New York theatre frequently fill those unnerving moments before the curtain rises (generally five to fifteen minutes after the announced hour) by scoring themselves on their attendance at current plays listed in the program. "If your score is 10 or more," *The Playbill* says, "you are a *star;* 9, you are *featured;* 8, you're a bit *player;* less than 8, you need more *rehearsals at the box office.*" It is curious how many people feel they have to catch ten or more plays out of, say, a possible dozen to be really *au courant* during the theatrical season, but will cheerfully dismiss all movies on the basis of a handful of pictures. In fact, in some circles it is considered vaguely degrading to admit to having seen any great number of movies in the course of the year (foreign films excepted, of course)—although this by no means disqualifies one from clucking over how dreadful Hollywood has become.

Perhaps the trouble is that movies are too popular, in the most literal sense of that word. They are made to appeal to great masses of people. They must, because they cost anywhere from several hundred thousand to several millions of dollars to produce. To get that money back—plus the costs of distribution, advertising, and a profit for the local theatre manager—they have to attract a large slice of the estimated 45,000,000 moviegoers a week here in the United States. Occasionally, however, the producers will reach beyond the "habituals," beyond the people who go automatically to the movies every Tuesday and Saturday, seeking to attract the more discriminating public—the portion of the potential audience that always claims it wants better pictures. They do something as off-beat as "Marty" or "Night of the Hunter" and send them out as trial balloons, hopefully. If they succeed the producers are always delighted to try again. If not . . . well, there is always a public for Lana Turner in a tight dress.

This year has seen more than the ordinary number of such attempts, primarily as a result of the rising tide of independent film production. But independence in the movies is an especially risky business. A large studio can amortize an occasional flop over twenty pictures or more; the independent often stands or falls on the reception of a single film. His independence can be maintained only by the support his pictures receive at the box office.

In putting together *SR*'s list of the best for 1955, Hollis Alpert and I were struck by the fact that many of the year's most interesting pictures had come from these independents. We also felt that more, many more, than the customary "best ten" *deserved* inclusion, but compromised on the dozen listed alphabetically below. If you have seen ten or more you are a *star;* less than eight, you need more *rehearsals at the box office*—at least, before you can start complaining about the quality of our current movies.

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK: Native fascism was exposed in this taut, spine-tingling melodrama, magnificently photographed and distinguished further by Spencer Tracy's strong, quiet performance.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE: Arne Sucksdorff's lyric description of a year of growing-up in Sweden sensitively noted a child's wide-eyed discovery of nature, while documenting nature herself with a sensuous camera that made this the visual delight of the year.

GUYS AND DOLLS: More favored by my colleague than myself, this lavish transcription of one of Broadway's greatest musicals retained much of the brash charm and unconventional humor of the original, aided further by the off-beat star casting of Marlon Brando.

LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL: Marcel Pagnol continued to prove himself the most literate and witty scriptwriter in the world in these adaptations of three Daudet stories, and a director who distils his own warm love for the sunny south of France into every frame of film he shoots.

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME: The "new look" in film biographies—far more backbone, more verisimilitude, more credibility than this *genre* could ever boast in the past, augmented here by a marvelous feeling for its period, the late Twenties, and an amazing performance by James Cagney as Ruth Etting's gangster husband.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM: A bold dramatization of a "forbidden" subject, the narcotics traffic, directed by Otto Preminger with uncompromising concentration on the sordid environment of his characters and its pivotal role flawlessly performed by Frank Sinatra.

MARTY: Paddy Chayefsky's TV play not only spotlighted television as a profitable source of fine film material but, in its story of a homely butcher and a plain schoolteacher, reminded producers that more important than either CinemaScope or Todd-AO is a simple, well-told, human drama.

NIGHT OF THE HUNTER: Charles Laughton's first directorial effort, James Agee's last script, while neither entirely successful, explored the expressive qualities of the movie camera more thoroughly and originally than any other film of the year to reveal the heart of Davis Grubb's novel.

THE PRISONER: Despite a somewhat static camera, this thoughtful and timely British importation created on the screen an intellectual conflict of unremitting suspense; Alec Guinness was superb as a "subversive" Cardinal in a totalitarian state and Jack Hawkins excellent as his psychological tormenter.

THE ROSE TATTOO: Anna Magnani, the lusty, brawling, agonized heroine of Tennessee Williams's comedy drama, gave the top performance of the year—if not, indeed, of the generation—in a vehicle in every way worthy of her superb talents.

SUMMERTIME: Venice, not Katharine Hepburn, was the real star of this beautifully made, handsomely mounted adaptation of "The Time of the Cuckoo," but neither its surface charm nor Hepburn's glamour obscured the main points in Laurents's study of a spinster secretary thawed by Italian romance.

UMBERTO D.: More favored by me than my colleague, this moving, modest film by Vittorio de Sica, an unsentimentalized tragedy of old age, seems like the last flower of Italy's famed "neo-realist" movement, an effort to portray life as it is without sensationalism or editorial comment and with a warm feeling for the essential dignity of mankind.

Here, within a single year, are a dozen films—eight American, four foreign—that in taste, maturity, and forthright handling of important themes certainly challenge both the theatre and the popular novel. Artistic success alone, however, is not enough. Their popularity at the box office will in large measure determine whether we are to have more such films in 1956.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

Rich You Will Get

SOME months ago John Crosby wrote in *The New York Herald Tribune* a review of the CBS production of "The Caine Mutiny Trial." He said that a weekend in which we had this and in which "NBC gave us Maurice Evans as Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple,' ABC gave us Alec Guinness in 'The Lavendar Hill Mob' and Omnibus (again on CBS) came up with Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer' will make an awfully potent argument against those who claim there's nothing worth watching on television." A little earlier Miss Marya Mannes wrote in *The Reporter* a tribute to the industry, as eloquent as her reproofs are caustic, for the great thing it brings—things we who live in big cities do not always appreciate, the only plays of stature, the only discussions in any depth that the less happily situated can hope to get.

I do not know whether either of them has joined the swelling chorus of praise for a program called "You'll Never Get Rich" which came apparently out of nowhere and established itself as a hot property—one of those programs so valuable, in terms of audience, that it can be used by the management as a weapon against a popular show on another network. (It is now on CBS at 8 p.m., EST, spotted against a big comedy show on NBC—the current week offering Martha Raye, Rocky Graziano, and Jack Carson.) Phil Silvers is the star, playing M/Sgt. Bilko, in sketches of peacetime army life. Mr. Silvers is an amiable comedian and the material is so much a natural that (as "No Time for Sergeants" has proved on the stage) it is almost impossible not to have a lot of fun with it. This program, unlike every single one of those mentioned by Mr. Crosby, was planned and written for television.

I caught it one night and this is what I saw:

A Special Service Officer arrives at the camp and discovers that there are no art classes, no classical dancing, and cries out, "I've been sent to a desert—an artistic desert." He finds the sergeant playing poker and orders the game to stop—to which the reply is, "No poker? Why? Are we at war?" Art classes are formed and the stereotyped frump of an old-maid teacher is brought in and she, or the officer, encourages the students by saying, "Maybe there's a Picasso among you." The model is a very pretty girl and all the soldiers rush over one another to join the class.

The teacher lectures to the students while the model throws one garment after another over the screen behind which she is getting ready—and appears in a winter sports dress covering her from neck to toes.

In order to get rid of the art-loving officer the sergeant enters into a conspiracy (with his superior officer, as I recall it) to stage a centennial pageant with the burliest soldiers dressed as Dolly Madison and other historical characters, with the miscues common to amateur theatricals (tomtoms come in at wrong time) and people stepping out of character ("Corporal, don't drip blood over the table"). It should be noted that the officer was totally and completely heterosexual. Phil Silver made a few dubious gestures when he was mocking at "culture"—otherwise the show was "clean." The glee of everyone at kicking art around was excessive and there was a pervasive and unfunny vulgarity about the whole thing. My impression is that technically it was about as bad as most movie-series made for television.

THERE are hundreds of hours at this level of entertainment and intelligence for every single hour Miss Mannes or Mr. Crosby mentions. No question that we couldn't get the one hour if the hundreds didn't keep television going. The unanswered question is whether the capacity to care for the exceptional can be kept alive. And whether the level of the average has to be so low.

In this case the anti-attitude—against art and education and history and intelligence and gentleness—was in high relief. This point has also been made in Great Britain where, it appears, they have discovered that Beethoven does not sell stout. We could have told them that.

The acceptable, merely acceptable, second-rate pours out like lava covering everything in its path. No one can prove that more intelligent programs—this side of highbrow—wouldn't do as well. And no one needs to prove that the exceptional program justifies its place, even when it doesn't pay off. That is a social value. So, why don't the TV magnates cultivate their property instead of mining it?

—GILBERT SELDES.

NEW YORK ART THEATRES

DON'T REVEAL THE ENDING!

"A SUPERB MOVIE!"— Herald Tribune

"DIABOLIQUE"

FINE ARTS • 58th St. bet. Park & Lex • Plaza 5-6030

HERE FOR CHRISTMAS!

Walt Disney's The Littlest Outlaw

TRANS-LUX TECHNICOLOR

52nd on LEXINGTON PL 3-2434

"The Finest Hour of the Italian Cinema!" —Time Magazine

VITTORIO DE SICA'S UMBERTO D.

EXTRA! Venice Festival Film "GOYA"

Guild 50th 33 W. 50th at Rockefeller Pl. PL. 7-2406-7

HERE FOR CHRISTMAS!

M-G-M presents

It's a Dog's Life

IN COLOR AND CINEMASCOPE STARRING EDMUND GWENN

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE 57th at 6th Ave. JU 6-4448

"A powerfully projected, magnificently acted absorbing drama"—Cue

A NEW and GREATER GUINNESS in "THE PRISONER"

PLAZA 58 St. Nr. Madison

Extra Geo. K. Arthur's "On the Twelfth Day"

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

"A BRILLIANT PLAY . . . A BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE." —Atkinson, Times

PHOENIX THEATRE and CLINTON WILDER present

Six Characters in Search of an Author

A Comedy by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Directed by TYRONE GUTHRIE

A New Adaptation by TYRONE GUTHRIE and MICHAEL WAGER

SEATS NOW • MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED

PRICES: Evgs. Tues. thru Sun.: Orch. $3.45; Mezz. $2.90; Balc. $2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Mat. Sat. & Sun.: Orch. $2.90; Mezz. $2.60; Balc. $2.30, 1.75, 1.15 (Tax Included). No Perfs. Mondays.

PHOENIX THEATRE, 2nd Ave. & 12th St. AL 4-0525

Your Book Published!

Our famous royalty plan launched 627 authors. We publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure S.

PAGEANT PRESS, 130 W. 42d St., N. Y. 36

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tebaldi in Recital, "Forza," Poggi, Gitlis

RIDICULOUS as it may sound, Renata Tebaldi—who has but recently sung the best Tosca heard here in years—was an even finer artist at her first recital in Carnegie Hall last week than in most of her opera appearances. That is to say, divested of the trappings of the opera stage, and freed from the necessity of singing over an orchestra, the purity of the voice, the simple sincerity of her musicianship, and the outgoing warmth of her personality made for an experience beyond any expectations.

This was virtually an all-Italian program (allowing, for the moment, that Handel and Mozart were "Italian" composers), marching in chronological sequence from the anonymous "Oh, leggiardi occhi belli" of the sixteenth century to Puccini and Martucci. Even in this first unsophisticated item, Tebaldi commanded the attention with her fine phrasing, the easy adaptability of the big voice to the requirements of the more intimate material. As she moved on with Scarlatti's "Le Violette," Caccini's "Amarilli," and Handel's "Piangero' la sorta mia," the vocal colors glowed more and there was a communication with the listener that marked her as the rare kind of singer who can work the fine line as well as the large.

Before reaching the area of familiar mastery ("Ave Maria" from "Otello" and "Vissi d'arte") Tebaldi offered a charming version of "Deh vieni" from Mozart's "Figaro" (either "Porgi Amor" or "Dove Sono" would be more suitable to the breadth of sound she commands), and a series of songs by Rossini ("La Promessa"), Bellini ("Dolente immagine" and "Vanne, o rosa fortunata") and Verdi "Stornello"). Here the variety of moods could have been more clearly marked, but the intricacies of the Bellini line firmly formed.

As a first recital, this was a resounding success. There are a few things that Tebaldi will doubtless alter as time goes on, such as dependence on a word book, the adherence wholly to her own tongue (a wise decision at this time, however), and a tendency now and then to slip away from the pitch. But she unquestionably has a gift for the idiom (plus an engaging presence) few singers from her country have offered. Martin Rich was the able pianist.

With Kurt Baum replacing Mario Ortica (officially indisposed, but non-officially "excused") as Don Alvaro, Otto Edelmann as Padre Guardino, and Josef Metternich as Don Carlo, Verdi's middle period masterpiece had more the look of "Die Macht des Schicksals" at the Berlin *Stattsoper* with Zinka Milanov of Zagreb *als gast* when it was given for the first time this season at the Metropolitan rather than the authentic "Forza del Destino." Fritz Stiedry's effortful direction has struck a reasonable balance when he has had the richer voices of Tucker, Warren, and Siepi to work with, but the sound this time was, all too often, more lean than warm.

Of course, the official language was Italian, but whatever words Messrs. Edelmann and Metternich were singing, the musical line came out in the discontinuous Germanic manner rather than in the appropriately flowing Italian style. Certainly Berman's designs are worth seeing again, Herbert Graf's stage action is admirable, and Milanov's Leonora (rather slow to get started this time) is a star turn. However, if other suitable voices are not available, "Why Forza?" Verdi is the person of first concern, not the convenience of the management.

Objectively, Edelmann has a weighty enough role for the Padre and, as German baritones go, Metternich is a lyric type. But the schooling that produces such an excellent Hans Sachs as Edelmann does not once in a generation also produce an able singer of Italian parts in the same man. As much may be said for Metternich, a fine Wolfram. In this instance, the standard is not the past one of Pinza, Gigli, or Tibbett; but the next time we have Siepi or Hines, Tucker, Warren, or Merrill. In a phrase, no *bel*, no *canto*. Baum, incidentally, continues to sound more and more like a man with a freer voice—or are we just getting used to it?

Also of operatic note during the week was the appearance of Gianni Poggi, one of Italy's better-known tenors, as a "look-see" Duke in "Rigoletto" *en route* from South American engagements to Europe. He had a more than passing success with a less than capacity audience, a tribute to his wholly professional vocal equipment and the strong current of impulse he conveyed to his associates. Fausto Cleva led a performance of uncommon vigor, and Roberta Peters, as Gilda, and Robert Merrill as Rigoletto notched their standards in these parts a little higher than previously.

Poggi has more than a little physical resemblance to Beniamino Gigli in his prime, suggesting that he believes a healthy voice begins with a sturdy body. His "Questa Quella" was suave sounding and well-carrying. Even before he won a rousing response for his second-act duet with Gilda he showed, in such interjections as "Rigoletto!" and "Sua figlia!" (from his place of concealment) that the apparent lightness of sound masks a purity and resonance well worth further acquaintance. So far as action is concerned, Poggi was more a prince of a fellow than a Duke of Mantua, but he has the vocal talent out of which something more elegant (perhaps) can be molded. Not many tenors in "Rigoletto" these days fit the tricky acoustical surroundings of the Met as well as he did.

IVRY GITLIS, a violinist new to New York (he is described as an Israeli artist though he left that country at ten and is largely Paris-trained) made his debut with the Philharmonic-Symphony as soloist in the Sibelius concerto with George Szell as conductor. This is a challenging task for any soloist—Sibelius, a violinist, was no friend of the violinist when he wrote this work—and it proved a troublesome one for Gitlis. Allowing for some overproduction of sound by Szell, Gitlis was, nevertheless, at a loss for the volume of tone this work demands. As heard again in the Sunday broadcast, one could credit Gitlis with a pure, silky French kind of violin sound at its best. But it thins out distressingly in the high positions both on the G and E strings due, one suspects, to a rigid wrist in the management of the bow and the lack of leverage thus afforded. Gitlis is a serious, musicianly player, with a good deal of left-hand facility and more than a little of that valuable attribute called temperament. But there wasn't the margin for technical error to avoid recurrent inaccuracies in runs and double stops.

For his symphony, Szell offered a welcome hearing of the Dvorak D minor which bears the number "2" but is actually the direct predecessor of the G major (No. 4) and the beloved "New World" (No. 5). It has its share of dependencies, still, on Schubert, Smetana, and Brahms—Dvorak's own Holy Trinity—but also an abundance of joyous, spirited music to which Szell gave vigorous voice. The slow movement was delivered in a particularly knowing, well-phrased way.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W-H Conference

Continued from page 23

crease in Federal funds for school-building construction. On the issue of Federal funds for local school operation, the delegates at these tables tended by a narrow margin to reject any increase." It was now 1:56 A.M.

And that is what the conference reported to the President and the nation, with the single change that on the latter proposition the two final chairmen made it read ". . . the participants divided almost evenly." Perhaps tables 81 to 165 tended *not* to reject the idea, or perhaps this was the emotional bias creeping in. In any case, it was semantics and not substance.

After our semifinal broke up an unusual thing happened. Two reporters came up to me and said, "This is bad. The Conference is going to come out for more Federal aid, and Fuller is a professionals' professional." We talked about it a while and I decided to slip a note under the eminent and respected Dr. Fuller's door telling him of the conversation. The next morning he came to the press room to see me before 8 o'clock. We missed, but at nine I met him in the sanctum where the final report was to be put together, a synthesis of the two semifinal table reports. There I learned that at the second table they had elected as the other finalist one of America's top public educators, Mrs. Pearl A. Wanamaker, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Washington.

"I, of course, insisted she read the report to the Conference," Dr. Fuller said to me. "I see your point about a layman," he added, "but the educator has had a long battle for professional recognition. Those of us who have been studying and working for twenty-five years in the field of educational finance have a responsibility for leadership. There's a right to your side and a right to mine." We agreed and that ended that.

Graciously Dr. Fuller and Mrs. Wanamaker invited me to sit down and help them edit the final report. It was an easy job. Both semifinal tables were in perfect agreement. It was a mere matter of wording; in my judgment the professionals added nothing subjective and took nothing away. The final flourish of the report on school finance the two educators handed to me, suggesting a rearrangement of the sentences for clarity, but preserving the full sense. I remember changing a word in the final phrase. "The destiny of our children and our free society demands that we use more of our tax funds for education," the three of us had agreed as faithful wording of the Conference view. I substituted for "tax funds" the broader meaning of "wealth." And so it stood.

THEN hell broke loose. Table 165, exercising its prerogative to make a minority report as long as it was unanimous at that table, came out with a blast reported in *The New York Times* as typical of the protests: "Regardless of our personal views and feelings, and leaving out all question of personalities, it is amazing to us, in view of the stated preliminary plans for the mechanics of this conference, that on the question of Federal aid to education the final two chairmen should turn out to be persons of national prominence who have publicly stated their stand on the subject." Another protest read, and it was repeated in all the comprehensive journalistic "wrap-ups" of the conference in the following days, "Can their distilled opinion arrived at by the perversion of the democratic process be considered a recommendation to Congress?" Even the chairman and vice chairman of the conference, as well as the president of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, privately confessed that it was too bad that professionals were publicly carrying the ball on the key issue. But they rightly pointed out that this was the result of the democratic process at work within the structure of the conference. They kept hands off.

But from where I sat, watching the process unfold, this tactical blunder born of brilliant, if brittle, zealousness didn't affect the outcome a whit. After an idea left Table 7, and the 164 other tables, it was on its own. It could be distilled out because it was not a strong majority view, or was too narrow a definition, perhaps, too wide an assumption, to survive. But prejudice could not kill it. Partly as a result, the majority view has had wide editorial justification. Some 1,800 delegates have gone back to their hometowns to fight for better schools, conscious of a clear national view, whether they agree with it or not. The conference, which will have its counterparts in countless states and communities, could be a stimulating turning point in our political determination to employ our resources to the utmost in behalf of today's children. That is so because, with all its faults, the conference worked.

In its workings it helped advance the day when the quality of public education will be the dominant political issue of our time. That day is not far off. —BICE CLEMOW.

I hereby Resolve to Buy...

Angel Records for 1956

—EGYPT—
—the NEAR EAST—
—GREECE and PERSIA—

A fascinating tour beginning March 2nd, through April 24, 1956. Cairo, Luxor, Jerusalem, Petra, Amman, Damascus, Baghdad, Teheran, Isfahan, Beirut and Istanbul, and extending to GREECE. Delphi, Olympia, Epidauros, Corinth and Athens. Leadership: Dr. James H. Breasted, Jr. *Colorful, informative and delightful.* Write:

BUREAU of UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED
A publisher with standards invites your attention. No condescending, misleading promises, no high-pressure sales devices—such as you may already have experienced. Just honest, careful subsidy publishing, by book people—which is rare enough!
Write or mail your manuscript directly:
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

SOILED CLOTHES CAN SPOIL TRIP

Hand Laundry Kit for Travelers
Eliminates hand laundry problems anywhere in the world. TLK concentrated detergent works wonders, in any water. Pleasant, safe on all fabrics. Neutralizes, brightens like new. Leaves hands soft and clean. Two weeks' supply . . . 28 individual packages in box, $1.00 postpaid. Kit weighs less than 6 oz. Send to:
TLK PRODUCTS • 3630 Lee Rd. • Shaker Hts., Ohio

GOOD USED BOOKS
50c-$1 Thousands of librarians and bargain-wise book-buyers get their books from us at regularly fantastic savings. You can too! Lists are free; just drop us a card.
EDITIONS, Desk SR, Hempstead, N. Y.

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help you gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your book—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and *sell* it! Low subsidies, good royalties.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET, DEPT. AT 125
COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 W. 42 ST., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Distaff Side

Continued from page 16

ety is reshaping its concept of who "catches the fishes and who cleans the fish," as Margaret Mead so deftly puts it, then you will find you and your frustrations carefully spelled out by the busy Mrs. B. And you will come away refreshed and challenged, I think, because, skilled or no, Mrs. Bernays has had more than a busy life—she has lived a happy life—warmly responsive to her husband's and her family's needs, deeply aware of the color and the fabric of her times. The many women who are Doris Bernays shine forth as memorable.

Not so the world that men have created for them. There is a rumor in the market-place that great revolutions in living patterns are under way. Dustless houses, automatic cooking, push-button marketing—all these and many more. The men who are planning these longed-for improvements in our most archaic of all factories, the American Home, might do worse than consult Doris Bernays's book. They will find here a blueprint of the thing women themselves find most baffling, most irritating, most depressing. And they will find, too, the areas in which to keep hands off.

For Doris Fleischman, newspaperwoman and publicist extraordinary, would not have missed a single moment of her life as Doris Bernays, wife and good companion to Eddie, mother of Dorrie and Anne.

It is, I think, the Dorrie-and-Anne generation—my children, the children of the many mothers who have found it possible, desirable, or necessary to work away from home—who will tell the story of how successful this sweeping change in the role of women has been. Meanwhile we shall need more books like "A Wife Is Many Women" to blaze new trails of insight and understanding—for the women with the double jobs and the men who must know and understand these women, the better to live with them, at work and at home.

Before Moonrise: Everglades

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

HUSHED are the wild wings now, folded as tight
As shadows in the scarlet lilies' throats.
Through the warm air a scatter of pollen floats
From islands of drowsing hyacinths where night
Holds fast the hour. Small eyes of rabbits light,
Piercing the darkness as a jewel might.

Deeper within the tortured fastnesses
As lost in Time as in dark's thickening rain,
Heat curls the withering leaves of cypresses;
Reptiles uncoil and stretch and coil again.
Peace, like a cool tongue, licks the Everglades' scars
As night grows restless waiting cool tides of stars.

Lady in Morocco

MISS HOWE AND THE SULTAN'S SON: As the author of **"The Prince and I"** (John Day, $3.50) puts it, she "turned the table on Anna and the King of Siam." This time the Oriental prince served as teacher and the Western woman as pupil for Marvine Howe, a young American journalist, took riding lessons from the twenty-four-year-old Crown Prince of Morocco. Having gone to the Sherifian Empire five years ago as governess to French children, Miss Howe got her first view of Moroccans through French eyes; then a job with Radio Maroc gave her the opportunity to meet the natives, many of whom, like the Prince, were French-educated. From her royal tutor she learned politics as well as horsemanship and gained enough understanding of French colonial policy to foresee the current upheaval in the protectorate. Sympathizing with the Moroccans' nationalistic ambitions, she had little use for El Glaoui and other pro-French natives; and, needless to say, she was shocked and outraged when in 1953 the French exiled the Sultan's family, Crown Prince and all.

If the intrepid young author proved as good a horsewoman as she is a reporter her royal instructor and his Arabian mounts were lucky indeed. She probably rides like a Berber tribesman for her chapters come alive with the protectorate's exotic sights, sounds, and smells, with its cinemaesque natives and their dream of independence, and with its racial conflicts and social prejudices. Her chapters also come alive with Moroccan women, who, in making the uneasy transition from veil to blue jeans, envied her freedom—a freedom for which, incidentally, the French had her investigated and the Americans barred her from their naval base.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

U. S. A.

Continued from page 18

the First World War, were expelled or went over to the Communists. Actually, however, this foreign element in the party may have been a source of weakness, repelling native Americans and drawing the Socialist Party farther toward the left. During the postwar era of the Twenties the Socialists were mostly a small band of intellectuals with pacifist and social-democratic sympathies.

Just why the Socialist Party in the United States failed to attract more mass support at a time when Socialist and labor parties in other countries were enjoying a spectacular rise has occasioned much speculation. Shannon takes issue with those who have explained Socialist futility in terms of its alienation of the extreme left—Big Bill Haywood and the IWW in 1912 and the Communists in 1919. Although the conservative, intellectual, and middle-class nature of American Socialism encouraged these radical defections, Shannon sees an additional explanation for a declining membership in the political and economic temper of America in the twentieth century. The American people continued to be dubious of Socialist programs. If free enterprise was to be abandoned they preferred the nationalistic regulation of the progressives, led by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, to the Socialist idea of public ownership. World War I was a severe blow to the Socialist Party as well as to all liberal-progressive causes. Then, when the crash of 1929 seemed to fulfil the Socialists' pessimistic analysis of the prospects of capitalism the New Deal adopted much of their program. New third parties, more flexible in their doctrines and membership and thus better able to negotiate with the two major parties, took over the popular following that the Socialists might have been expected to recruit as a result of the Depression.

Perhaps the fundamental difficulty of the Socialist Party, as it is outlined in the book, is the possibility that it was old-fashioned and outmoded from its inception. Individualistic and liberal, despite its collectivist economic program, it was destined for decline in an America that was becoming collectivist in a nationalistic, but not socialistic, sense. The author tells his story well, in straightforward fashion, utilizing to a full extent the official records and correspondence of the party. It is his conclusion that the party is now dead beyond rebirth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas

Continued from page 14

story of laboratory work done in common, in the United States and France. There were obstacles and frustrations in an almost unending series, but these were relieved by friendships with Alexis Carrel and many others. The list of Du Noüy's contributions to research in colloidal chemistry and biophysics is a formidable one. Sometimes it was deprecated or ignored, and the commentary on the Pasteur Institute in particular reads like a couple of chapters out of Balzac. In the end what one is given is the portrait of a scientist who was by nature urbane and avid of human pleasures but who disciplined his spirit until it became as hard as a diamond and as clean as desert sand.

This life was set, as so many others have been, against a curtain painted with appalling pictures of moral decay. The world began to find in Buchenwald and Valkuta images of the horrible secret of degeneration which had lain concealed in the heart of man. The revelation and its impact in particular on France saddened Du Noüy as it did so many others. He became persuaded that only if men once more grew certain that theirs was a destiny of goodness as well as of power could the collective life of humanity be healed. It was among young Americans, whom he came to know because it was no longer possible to live and work in France, that the decision to summarize his views of science and human destiny ripened. The tribute paid to them and to the wholesome openness of their hearts and minds is moving. I should imagine that in particular all those intrusted with the job of education will find this book stimulating and encouraging.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Antonio: (a) "Merchant of Venice." (b) "Much Ado About Nothing." (c) "The Tempest." (d) "Two Gentlemen of Verona." (e) "Twelfth Night." 2. Sebastian: (a) "The Tempest." (b) Twelfth Night." (3) Helena: (a) "Midsummer Night's Dream." (b) "All's Well That Ends Well." 4. Angelo: (a) "Measure for Measure." (b) "Comedy of Errors." 5. Paris: (a) "Romeo and Juliet." (b) "Troilus and Cressida." 6. Demetrius: (a) "Antony and Cleopatra." (b) "Midsummer Night's Dream." (c) "Titus Andronicus." 7. Claudio: (a) "Measure for Measure." (b) "Much Ado About Nothing." 8. Valentine: (a) "Twelfth Night." (b) "Titus Andronicus." (c) "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 9. Emilia: (a) "Othello." (b) "Winter's Tale." 10. Ferdinand: (a) "Love's Labor's Lost." (b) "The Tempest." 11. Maria: (a) "Love's Labor's Lost." (b) "Twelfth Night." 12. Peter: (a) "Measure for Measure." (b) "Henry VI 2." (c) "Romeo and Juliet." (d) "King John."

Irwin Edman's Book

PHILOSOPHER'S PORTFOLIO: A child of Plato and a younger brother to Santayana, Irwin Edman was the first citizen of Morningside Heights and, as Charles Frankel says, "America's professor-at-large of philosophy." We can savor the essence of his mind in **"The Uses of Philosophy"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), a little collection Professor Frankel has drawn from his works. Irwin Edman enjoyed philosophy, and he enjoyed philosophers, those both "with and without portfolio." Among the latter we meet again in this book, as we did in "Philosopher's Holiday," Monsieur Platon, the diminutive French physician who treated him during a stay in Autun; Maria, who looked after his apartment; and Mathilde, who ran the elevator in Philosophy Hall. They were philosophers not because they were serene—serenity is not enough—but because they had struck a fundamental attitude toward the universe and had come to grips with first and last principles.

Those who are familiar only with Irwin Edman's poems and popular essays, the sort of thing he did with such literacy and wit for *The New Yorker*, *The American Scholar*, and *The Saturday Review*, might be inclined to suppose that he was a tender-minded thinker. A certain *dolce far niente* in his prose might even lend support to this impression. Nothing could be further from the truth.

For example, attend to him in "Religion Without Tears" and "The Vision of Naturalism," both reprinted here. It has not often enough been emphasized that what he had to say always made sense—good, hard sense—and that it proceeded from a responsible and disciplined mind. No Edman theory is ever tortured or clipped to fit a preconception; no reader need suspend his common judgment in order to follow him; there is no labyrinth of doctrine and there is no anfractuous trail of dialectic ending in a questionable or unintelligible conclusion. He was a steady protagonist of intelligence, never seduced by the nostrums which invade the marketplace of ideas, never infected by the intellectual narcotics of his time.

—Robert Bierstedt.

Political Morality

Continued from page 6

given to certain leaders because their honor, their character, are the only things we can trust. We know that they may have to change their minds, to break promises, to let us down, but if we trust them, if we can say of them they are honest men, we do not reproach them. We are sure that if they have broken a promise it was because they could not help it; if they did conceal some facts from us it was not for their own good but ours. That in the final resort they have given their lives to serve what they conceive to be a good end; that they are not in politics for their own advantage or glory.

Ask yourself how far this rule goes in your opinion of a given statesman. Why Washington, why Lincoln had such power over men and make such great figures in history. And why among your own friends and acquaintances the word of one has so much more weight than that of another. He may not be cleverer, but you know he is disinterested; he is not a self-seeker. He will do his best to advise you, regardless of his own interest. Of course, he may still give you bad advice, as the honest statesman may take a wrong course. Or both may be frustrated by a change of wind, by bad luck. And you may blame him, and break your friendship; but the statesman may be ruined, not only in his career but in history. He may be held up to derision so that his very name becomes a term of abuse. Think of the political reputations ruined by the Depression, something very wise men could not have foreseen in its full disaster, and which needed measures that politically it was impossible to make accepted until disaster had arrived. For the politician is not only faced by an everlasting crisis; he is usually so hampered by prejudices of all kinds that he has very little room for maneuvers in dealing with it. He is like a man sent out to fight a hungry lion in handcuffs. And this is especially true of the statesman in a free democracy.

It has been said that government is the art of making people do what they don't like, since they will cheerfully follow their own inclinations without any instruction; and that in the final resort there are only two ways of making them act against their own inclinations. To shoot the disobedient or to wangle them. If you include under shooting every kind of coercion; if you include under wangling every kind of persuasion,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such as an appeal to conscience, to patriotic or family feeling, to self-respect or self-interest, then this is true. And it is the last method which is the only one open to the government of a free democracy. They are not allowed to shoot.

Democratic statesmen must be leaders of opinion; they must persuade; and it is a great advantage to them to have the arts of persuasion; an understanding of the popular mind, rhetoric. But this does not mean they have to be demagogues. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is great rhetoric, great art; it is not the work of a demagogue. The demagogue is the disease of democracy, as the brute is the disease of autocracy, whatever its name.

It is a delusion that democracies are more corrupt than autocratic states. The corruptions are only of a different order. The tricks of a demagogue cannot be hidden; the blackmail of a police state is secret. It is also much more dangerous. It is a rottenness that is not perceived until the roof falls in. Where are the autocracies of last century and how did those magnificent and solid-appearing structures stand against the talkative, the scandal-ridden democracies, with their spellbinders to lead them?

Persuasion is an art, but not necessarily an art of lies. Great democratic statesmen, like great preachers, find their chief power in the truth. But it is a selected, an arranged truth. And how far they may go in the selection of phrases, in arrangement of facts, in suppression of complex difficulties, is between themselves and their consciences. And it must stay there. For no *a priori* rule, no moralistic sermonizing can lay down in advance what should be a statesman's right course of conduct. And we need not envy him. For though morally speaking he is in exactly the same position as any private citizen, or any father or mother of a family, his problems are enormously more difficult.

And his decisions affect millions of lives; as his mistakes destroy whole nations. The private citizen who ruins himself or his family may suffer the anger of his dependents; but the statesman can bring upon himself the hatred of a whole generation. And if he is an honest man this is exactly the risk he has to take. That is why the easy judgments of history, especially popular history, strike us so often as unjust. Before we call any statesman a fool or a crook we should ask what problems he faced, what kind of people he had to handle, what kind of support he got, what pressure he withstood, what risks he took.

But our final question will be still "Was he an honest man?"

Subscription TV

Continued from page 7

for the hours from eight to ten in the evening as it might look if pay-TV were an accomplished fact on one of the three Columbus television channels, and the other two (the NBC and CBS affiliates) continued on a free programming basis. The schedule for Channel 6 was a hypothetical pay-TV schedule. The schedules for Channels 4 and 10 were the actual schedules for the week following the period of interviewing. The prices of the pay-TV programs were indicated to the respondent.

After respondents had looked at this schedule and had told us which programs they would be inclined to watch they were asked:

> Now that you know a little more about the kinds of shows you could see and the prices they would cost, do you think you would want this service on Channel 6, or would you rather have 6 stay a free station with the kinds of programs it has now?

This question produced these results:

Would want this service	22%
Would not want it	70%
Don't know or depends	6%
No answer	2%

These were the questions which in our opinion presented pay television in its most favorable light. These are the results that cause us to say in our report: "If we were successful in our attempts to paint several pictures of pay-as-you-see television so that at least one of them represents an accurate description, then one could not conclude that a majority of the television-viewing public is in favor of the idea of pay-as-you-see television at least in Columbus, Ohio. In fact, a substantial majority appear to be opposed to pay-as-you-see television, even when it is pictured in highly favorable terms. . . . From this point on in the questionnaire the percentage of people favoring the idea decreased rather sharply."

It is these same questions and answers that caused Mr. Seldes to conclude: "(1) That five out of every ten TV set owners are dissatisfied with the programs they now see; (2) that three out of ten would go to the trouble of paying for different programs; (3) that only two set owners out of ten spontaneously indicate any satisfaction with the current program service."

In view of this conflict in interpretation, let the reader be the judge.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS READY FOR COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING but who can't decide which Press to select or what royalty scale (20%, 40%, or the full 100%) they are entitled to, we are specialists in this field and qualified to offer authoritative advice. We guarantee saving hundreds of dollars in publishing costs, getting best royalty terms and sales campaigns. For information write WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC 17.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays. MSS. delivery all publishers. Editing, ghost-writing, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

FICTION AND NONFICTION MANUSCRIPTS accepted for marketing. No reading fees. JOHN HINSHAW, LITERARY AGENT, 15 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

LITERARY AGENT—Constructive criticism, editing, typing if required. MAXINE O'BRIEN, 68 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

FOOD DELICACIES

BLUEBERRY JAM FROM BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan, indeed! Three for $2.95; six for $5.25, postpaid. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT, uncolored, unsprayed, FOB Groves, $3.50 bushel; RIOLEMSAT, Deland, Florida.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

LOUVRE, NATIONAL GALLERY, METROPOLITAN, DETROIT INSTITUTE, WORLD MASTERPIECES & GREAT ART NUDES 2" x 2" Gorgeous Color Slides, 25¢ each. Send $1 for 4 samples & catalogues. ARTCO SLIDES, Box 46123SR, Hollywood 46, Calif.

HOBBIES

POST CARD COLLECTING! Fascinating international exchange hobby. Learn all in COLLECTORS, lavishly illustrated monthly. $2 Year. P.O. Box 432R, Glendale, Calif.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, Free. New York Labor News Co., Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., New York 38, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BARNES & NOBLE has over a million books in stock . . . used and new, current and out-of-print. Free search service. Catalogues issued. Name your interest. Libraries and book collections purchased. Books . . . our only business since 1874. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3. Dept. SR.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOKMART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

WORLD SELLING, buying half-century—rare books. Fine sets. Free Service. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS at lowest prices! Try us. (No obligation.) INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-F, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PERSONALS

SEE HISTORY IN THE MAKING in exciting Washington, D.C. All expense tours as low as $10.95, including lovely air-conditioned room with bath, radio (TV available). Sightseeing trips to national shrines, White House, State Department, Treasury, Washington Monument, broadcasts, etc. For a tour you'll *long remember, write today to* Walter Henkel, General Manager, Hotel Manger Annapolis, 12th and H Street, N.W. Mention Saturday Review for special booklets and detailed information.

PERSONALS

CONNOISSEURS order their picture frames from PERIDOT. 820 Madison Ave., at 68 Street, NYC. RHinelander 4-8560.

HISTORY GRADUATE STUDENT, A.M. degree, seeking work as research assistant. Box X-635.

HAVE YOU a son or daughter with creative talents who would thrive in a small friendly college? Accepting limited number, second semester, February 6. Winter sports. Windham College, Putney, Vt.

YOUNG LADY desires position as secretary or assistant. Excellent typist, writing ability, some shorthand. Interested art, architecture, music, literature. Call evenings, AXminster 1-2849. LOS ANGELES ONLY.

IRISH TWEED Clutch Coats for women, very flattering, milium lining, choice beautiful AVOCA tweeds, $95.50 pp. Sizes 12-20. 5 weeks. Carol Brown, Putney 5, Vermont.

FOR SALE: Sonotone hearing aid, model #1200, practically new, reasonable. Reply Box X-689.

THREE PLAYWRITING AWARDS. Deadline February 25th. For entrance blanks address Dramatists' Alliance, Stanford, Calif.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks partners interested starting some creative enterprise. Box X-688.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617. Mason City, Iowa.

THE GOLDEN ARCHER is aiming at you! Watch for him.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—*Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service.* PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

POEMS WANTED for musical setting. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME wearing, selling famous rare jewelry—ladies, men. Box W-746.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

FAMILIES ENJOY INTERNATIONAL GAMES. Postal brings information. Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

PERSONALS

FOR BOARD AND LODGING ONLY, sober, responsible free-lance writer in middle forties will look after and occupy summer home, weekend retreat or similar requirement. Box X-692.

NISEI, male, 23, wants inexpensive apartment, flat, after January 10. New School student. Box X-693.

EAST 59 STREET, NYC, 3 rooms, would like exchange for larger apartment NYC. PLaza 5-0851.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CHARMING LAKESIDE STUDIO. Beautifully constructed, usable as cottage, with bedroom, kitchenette, lavatory, 2 fireplaces. $12,000. Lucy F. White, Hillsdale, N.Y.

TRAVEL

GARDEN TOUR OF EUROPE, conducted by eminent author, horticulturist. Sails from New York April 14, returns May 21. Rooms with bath, First Class hotels, CULTURAL SIGHTSEEING. Splendid opportunity for camera enthusiasts. Including ALL EXPENSES, $895. For descriptive folder and literature WRITE TODAY: Box X-646.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT, wife arranging unique European experience: Tour and 7 weeks internationally known Alpine Camp. Select group: Children 10-14. Junior Counselors 15-18, Counselors. Box X-682.

EUROPE. 14 countries. July, August. $1248 includes TWA transportation. Box X-670.

EUROPE 1956, FOUR "CIRCLE" TOURS. "Grand," June 15-September 4, $1,188; "Standard," June 28-August 30, $995; "Central," June 12-August 4, $888; "Airborne," July 1-August 15, $1,166. Ten to nineteen countries, Italy and Scandinavia on all itineraries. *Included: Round-trip ocean passage ("Airborne" by* air), hotels, meals, entertainment program, luxury motorcoaches. MIDWEST Tours, Reidar Dittmann, St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual, intimate. Ski Tow. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

RESTFUL MOUNTAIN WEEKEND. One person. Health foods. Comfort, inspiration, charm. Box X-642.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

THE COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama, has served guests of distinction for half a century. Charming and delightful. Finest Southern foods. Write for folder and rates. E. B. Overton, Owner, Fairhope, Alabama.

DINNER AT BLUEBERRY HILL KEY. Lucullan repast. Turquoise waters. Motels nearby. The Mastertons, Islamorada, Florida.

SPEND AN UNUSUAL AND AGREEABLE WINTER *in our comfortable Southern Mt. home near Ashville.* $30 weekly. Private baths. Excellent food. We like Books, Music, Nature and Roquefort Cheese. Cherry Lane Farm, Fletcher, N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1136

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. There was a horrid "Iron" one in Nuremberg, but there is no record of its use.

B. Natural depravity of man (2 wds.).

C. Interwoven; twisted together.

D. A grotesque person; originally, the invention of Florence K. Upton, 1895.

E. Nutritive starch valuable for children and invalids.

F. The fawnskin worn by satyrs, etc.

G. Nibbled off tender shoots and twigs.

H. Important contemporary German bacteriologist, discovered how to discriminate between blood of humans and of animals.

I. A final indulgence in pleasure before entering upon a period of restraint (2 wds.).

J. Slang, "jollied" for a considerable time without resuming normal communication (2 wds.).

WORDS

170 114 119 62 198 126

82 52 38 63 177 26 7 101 189 15 181

95 25 121 111 176 163 102

28 94 83 106 180 48 122 41 156

68 55 148 155 108 199 3 100 43

24 116 197 46 49 186

57 16 131 158 67 34 70

151 44 154 188 160 104 4 142 113

152 89 84 50 35 12 64 69 88

115 109 132 127 107 161 9 39 166 60 20

DEFINITIONS

K. Some of the vanished rulers.

L. Sanctioned by known authority.

M. The brain, to an anatomist.

N. Zoroastrian hymns to angels and lesser divinities.

O. Fruit of the shrub Taxus (2 wds.).

P. Farthest limit of a road (4 wds.).

Q. An extra voice introduced for counterpoint (2 wds.).

R. *Extremely popular Russian* composer, in New York from 1918 (died 1943).

S. That may be tolerated; allowable.

T. Followed by Word V, an urban district in Surrey, site of the mansion of Cardinal Wolsey, 1529 (3 wds.).

U. Garbed afresh (comp.).

V. See Word T.

WORDS

53 130 10 173 73 112 141 153 124

30 75 179 96 99 159 196 167 66 172

97 110 194 169 11 143 36 134 190 178

145 76 92 72 165 85

150 23 118 58 17 2 137 105 195 98

22 87 54 29 139 71 183 133 123 125 40

80 91 157 45 27 174 1 74 140

21 175 79 33 37 147 5 138 120 59 14 19

149 86 65 191 129 81 185 171 162 78

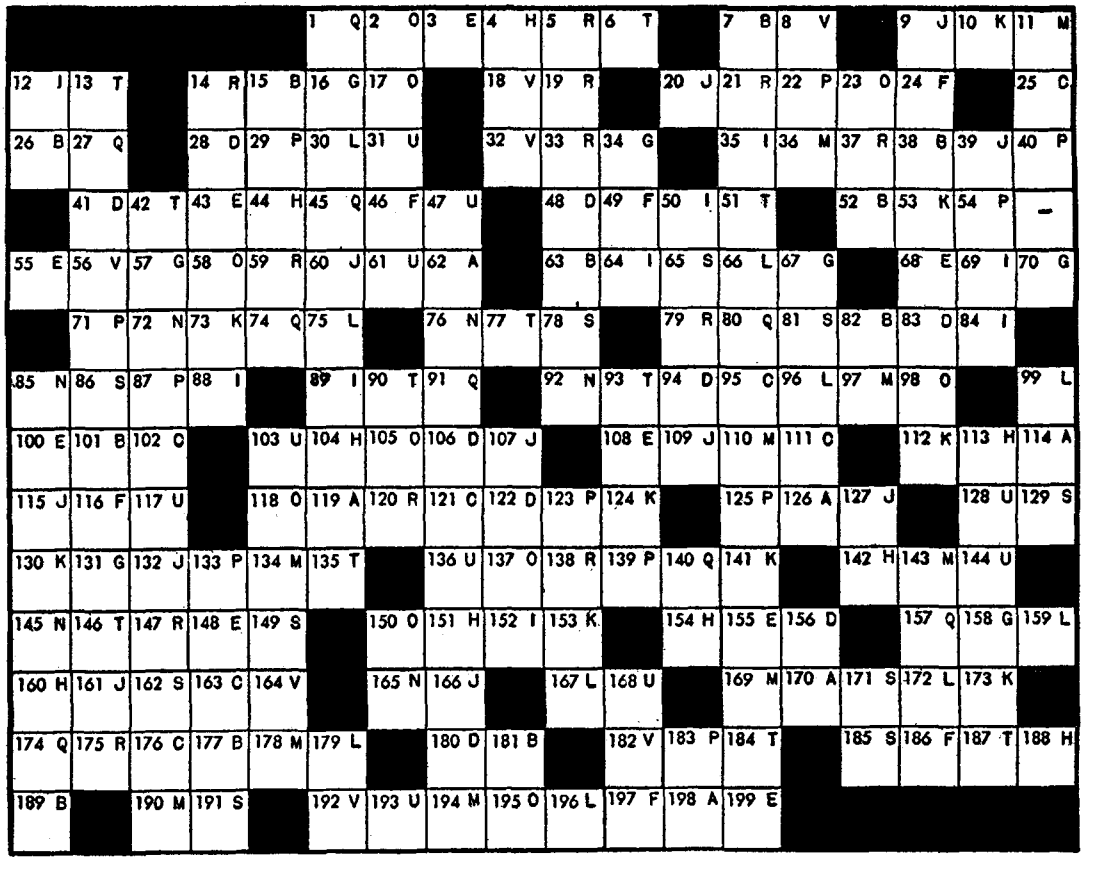
184 135 187 13 77 42 90 6 93 51 146

168 193 103 136 128 144 117 47 61 31

192 56 32 182 18 8 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

DECEMBER 31, 1955

CONTENTS

YEAR OF THE HARVEST
By Irving Kolodin **35**

TCHAIKOVSKY'S PIANISTIC WARHORSE
By Abram Chasins **38**

ARTHUR HONEGGER, 1892-1955
By Everett Helm **39**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **40**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor **42**

HIGH FIDELITY REDEFINED
By William S. Bachman **50**

TRENDS IN COMPONENTS
By Victor Brociner **52**

THE FUTURE OF PRE-RECORDED TAPE
By C. W. Smiley **54**

THIS MONTH'S MOZART—V
By the Editor **56**

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson **57**

"ARIADNE" AND "TURANDOT"
By Herbert Weinstock **58**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **59**

YEAR OF THE HARVEST

By IRVING KOLODIN

WHATEVER else may be said about 1955, now coming to a close, it has certainly provided the largest influx of important new musical talent from Europe in any single year since the end of the war. It was, in fact, an influx that began in late 1954 when Maria Callas came back to her native country to sing in Chicago, followed (more or less chronologically) by Herbert von Karajan as director of the Berlin Philharmonic, Renata Tebaldi at the Metropolitan last spring, then Karajan with the Philharmonia Orchestra, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Emil Gilels, Geza Anda, Joerg Demus, David Oistrakh, and Ivry Gitlis.

No doubt the first reaction will be to say that Anda was no Gilels, and Gitlis was even further away from being an Oistrakh. The circumstance that suggests the mention of them in the same sentence is, of course, that all came with some degree of phonographic *reclamé*. None was in the category of completely unknown artist that, say, Pietro Scarpini was when he arrived to perform with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra last season. There were, in each instance, expectations based on some recorded evidence, fulfilled or unfulfilled by the actuality of the concert hall or opera stage.

On the whole, the "year of the harvest" has produced much more wheat than chaff. It may be worthwhile to evaluate the yield and see what, if any, conclusions can be drawn from the form chart plotted by the recordings, and the performance on the championship course. After all, there is hardly such a thing as an unknown "important" artist in the world today. It is unthinkable, for example, that any scouts, however talented, could scour the French provinces and come up with a Lily Pons, as the Zanetellos did twenty-five years ago. Somebody with a microphone and a tape recorder would have been there first, and spread the results on a record before the mechanism of organizing an American career could be accomplished. So it is probable that this kind of situation will be repeating itself for a long time to come.

Perhaps the first rule of thumb to be discerned is that the older the artist, the more closely the in-person performance has approached the recorded one. This brings us back to a first premise of judgment where public performance of music is concerned: namely, what a performer can do in a studio is no dependable measure of what he can do in public. (Those who have pursued the humbling experience of hearing Town Hall debuts for a substantial period of years accept this as a truth as definite as the address of the hall.) Apparently that axiom has to be revised to read: what a performer can do in a *recording* studio is, equally, no dependable measure of what he can do in public.

THE factor of age—in these days of mechanical marvels—enters in two equations: the amount of repetition and solidification that has gone into the artist's concept of what he is doing, plus (and what a mighty plus it is!) the confidence that comes from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Derek Allen.

Oistrakh—"has, certainly, arrived."

—Sedge LeBlang.

Tebaldi—"truly beautiful voice."

Anda—"100 per cent artist."

being able to deliver, in public performance, 90 per cent, say, of total capacity. Edward Johnson, when general manager of the Metropolitan, used to say on the occasion of a debut "Well, he" (or she) "came through about 75 per cent." That was for those who made a reasonably solid success. One hundred per cent was unheard of, 90 per cent a rarity, 80 per cent the maximum expectable. Obviously, then, what matters is: How big the resource involved, what portion of 100 per cent can be sacrificed and a decent impression still conveyed.

The tricky thing is, of course, that the 100 per cent that exists on records may in some instances, actually be 125 per cent of what the performer really is at the time of the recording vis-a-vis *public* capacity. This is not to say that falsifications are regularly practised. It is, rather, that it is the recording director's task to get the best results possible from the artist and the means involved. How many times he stops, how many "takes" are utilized, how they are chopped up and edited afterwards to preserve the best of each segment, is not unethical —it is merely a technique to an end, as the making of a film from isolated "bits" is a technique to an end. It is historic fact, of course, that many a reputation beglamored by that film technique has been cut down to size on the Broadway stage or in London's West End.

However, it may be said that the end of the film actor's purpose is to make films, whereas the end of the record performer's purpose is to make his name known in the concert hall or opera theatre. Thus, the film is an entity in itself, whereas the record is but an intermediate step to the point of true celebrity. What happens when the record is master, and the performer servant? Then you have what happened to Ferruccio Tagliavini, when his voice was blown up on records to Caruso-like proportions and he came apart at the vocal seams trying to sound like his recordings.

As documentation of the age factor, it may be noted that Karajan has had a critical and public acceptance in the concert hall akin to the esteem he has enjoyed with the record buying public, likewise Oistrakh. Both have delivered the rare 90 per cent under stress and strain, Karajan, with repetition, probably 100 per cent in the Bartok "Concerto for Orchestra," Oistrakh likewise in some recent orchestral appearances following his "92.5" debut. Gilels has been virtually the same artist in the concert hall that he has been on records, again attesting to age and experience. His records, in a candid analysis, have shown much more than ordinary pianistic facility and a little lack of rounded musical culture. Reduced to essentials, his recitals and orchestral appearances have summed up to the same: he is a "comer," whereas Karajan and Oistrakh have, certainly, arrived.

Staying with the instrumentalists for a moment: Anda, Demus, and Gitlis—to mention those of most recent attention—have all fallen short of such expectations as were variously held for them. Had Gilels not been cleared for American importation, Anda might have loomed larger for two reasons: he would have been a "new" artist of some stature (lowered, unfortunately, by contrast with the older, more experienced Gilels), and he would not have had to combat—in New York, at least—the psychological hazard of matching [with the same orchestra, no less] the achievements of a man already his pianistic master. He was, so to speak, a 100 per cent artist who could only muster something more than 60 per cent for these complex reasons.

DEMUS and Gitlis (though I do not personally recall any recordings of the latter) were in the category of the 125 per cent on records who could deliver less than an unsatisfactory half in public. That is to say, they are men of unquestionable, if unseasoned, talent whose record sessions had been *organized* into results beyond their present public capacity. (I spotted Demus's recordings Svengali smoking a "Players" during the intermission in the lobby of Town Hall, but there was nothing he could do then to salvage the situation as it stood.) As for Gitlis, he is certainly a talent, and he may come back to prove it another day.

With the vocalists, other sorts of considerations intrude. A clever engineer can aggrandize volume (*viz.* Tagliavini in his American phase) and he can possibly contribute to brilliance by providing multiple "takes" from which the best accounts of a tricky passage can be montaged. But he can hardly alter timbre, or fake artistry where it does not exist, or substitute taste for the lack of it, or put a voice on pitch which is not on pitch habitually. Equally, he cannot convey the physical effect of the singer on stage, or tell us how we are going to react, chemically, to the element known as personality. Nor can the record tell us how the singer will react to the rigors of public performance, and the rewards in applause thereof.

Those who have finally seen Callas after hearing a round dozen or more recorded operas in which she has a primary part confess no disappointment: indeed, the "plus" factor here

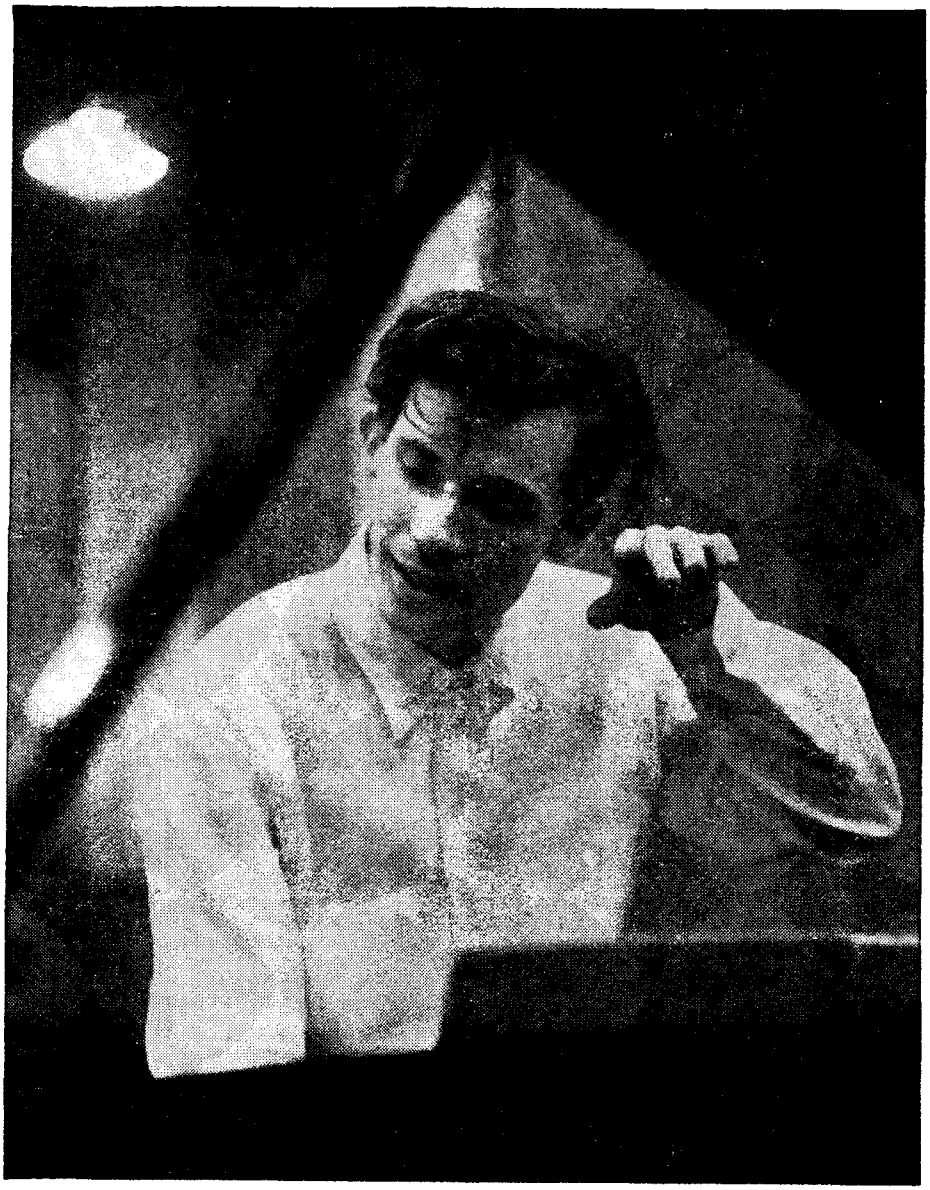
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a dramatic capacity (as in "Norma") which furthers the expectation aroused by the mere sound as recorded. Tebaldi, as yet, is not yet quite the stable quantity in the theatre that she is on records. Again it would seem a question of experience and seasoning. However, we have had enough experience with the two performers to arrive at a durable conclusion: Callas is a first-rate operatic personality despite the lack of a truly beautiful voice, and Tebaldi is a woman possessed of the truly beautiful voice who has every promise of becoming a first-rate operatic personality. As for Fischer-Dieskau, he is engaged in that most frustrating of musical occupation, being essentially a *Lieder* singer. That is, the problem of attaining artistic maturity before the vocal skills begin to decline. Let us hope that he matches the literature's great demands before losing the sheen of his notable if limited voice.

THE basic fact is that the values of the record and the values of actuality are closely interrelated but by no means interchangeable. Those who are exclusively record listeners can retire to the vinylite tower and bid the world of reality pass them by, secure in a domain where everybody is perfect (thanks to the flexibility of magnetic tape) and "nerves" are a medical not a musical consideration. But if he is, as most are, a person shuttling back and forth from records to reality, he must recognize that the image, however faithful, is still an image.

Szymon Goldberg, the excellent interpreter of Mozart and other violin music, shed a revealing light on the whole problem when, at a chance encounter, I mentioned with pleasure some recent record of his I had heard. "Yes," he said "on records it is possible quite regularly to approximate 98 per cent of perfection. But you never get 102 per cent." What he was saying, in effect, was that the studio provided all the opportunities for accuracy, but not the stimulation that may, on a happy occasion, prompt a performer to outdo even his *own* best expectations.

What it comes down to is this: there are dangers and risks in public performance that the recording studio does not pose. For the seasoned artist they act as a stimulus; for the unseasoned artist they are a deterrent. It thus is a responsibility of those who are in the talent-producing business to make a realistic reckoning of risks, and resist the temptation to overexpose a performer on the strength merely of some able recordings. The machine is a marvelous thing, but it still is not man.



"We know of no pianist anything like him of any age."
Paul Hume—The Washington Post

"In no way inferior to such artists as Landowska or Serkin."
Musical Courier

"One of the most auspicious debuts in some time."
John Briggs—New York Times

Cause of these rave reviews is young (22 year-old) Canadian pianist Glenn Gould, who makes his record debut with a brilliant performance of Bach's "Goldberg Variation." This phenomenal talent has recently signed a long term contract to record exclusively for **COLUMBIA RECORDS**

Ask your dealer for ML 5060.

® "Columbia" ℗ T. M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TCHAIKOVSKY'S PIANISTIC WARHORSE

By ABRAM CHASINS

PERHAPS the most emotional aspect of criticism is the fear of emotion. The failure to weigh human values and human responses has produced some of the most short-sighted criticism in the whole passionate history of music. Academicism does itself no good to seize upon works which have become popular through their emotional appeal and scorn them categorically as tinsel.

In my student days I met my share of those practitioners of music who periodically take temperatures in compositional affinities to find symptoms of Tchaikovsky fever. I was well on my way to becoming a guilt-ridden hypochondriac when I came upon Beethoven's words written on his Mass in D. "Written from the heart; may it go to the heart." As I read it a melody suddenly ran through my head: it was the second subject of the final movement of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" Symphony. Then and there I resolved to rediscover Tchaikovsky for myself, to get away from those who generalize their antipathies into Esthetic Truth, and to cease being the kind of idiot who pokes holes in a man's work without the smallest ability to differentiate between justly popular music and sham.

Since then I've met battalions of music-lovers who confess a love for Tchaikovsky's greatest works with the abject humility and helplessness with which they would confess to alcoholism. Is it because he wrote some pretty inferior music? So did others. We don't judge Beethoven by his Romance in G. Is it our taut twentieth-century's rejection of the intuitive for the intellectual? It can't be, for the public adores Tchaikovsky's masterpieces and artists love to play them. No. People have been taught to regard their communion with Tchaikovsky as musical immaturity. They have been sold a false criterion: it arises in blind hostility to some simple emotion; it rejects the expressive content in a work of art, and betrays an insecure musical culture.

Certainly we all have the right to love or hate anything we choose, but it is irresponsible to appraise anything as great because we love it or to call it bad because we hate it. The value of a work of art lies in many matters on many levels, none of them isolated from each other. A flaw in much that passes for criticism is to pounce upon one quality and to ignore all others. No profound insight is required to discover Tchaikovsky's lapses. No more insight than it takes to discover the lapses of those arbiters of musical fashion who show themselves incapable of recognizing good music from bad. When we are scolded for reacting favorably to a work or for not reacting to another which orthodoxy insists ought to inspire us because it is marvelously made, we can legitimately maintain that it is quite useless for us to know how we ought to react when we don't.

We must be careful, however, to acknowledge our responses as subjective feelings and not ask that they be given the weight of objective facts. We must also not claim to be music-lovers unless we try constantly to extend the range of our tastes and in every direction, and are prepared to find those tastes varying in degrees of enthusiasm from time to time. In turn we may ask others not to tell us that a quality which moves us is a defect, for that is as far from the truth as the Philistine convictions that a fugue is an intellectual exercise or that chamber music is "thin."

Tchaikovsky had the divine fire, and nothing short of ignorance can question the compositional mastery of his human documents. In his last three symphonies, the overtures "Romeo and Juliet" and "Francesca da Rimini," "Nutcracker Suite," Third String Quartet and many other works, his dramatic and touching spirit speaks to humanity of elemental matters. Their frailties are as nothing compared to their emotional force, their melodic power, and originality.

In the light of such intense and lovable aspects of Tchaikovsky's art, pedantry descends to an unrealistic level when it repudiates them. It denies one of art's primary missions: to reveal the inner life of the emotions. That, incidentally, is one way in which the ascetic schools of contemporary music estrange themselves more and more from concert-goers, the concert-goers for whom romanticism still glows with a lovely light wherever it appears: in Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, or Prokofiev.

Tchaikovsky's piano masterpiece is the Concerto in B flat minor. It is not necessary to contend that it is a flawless work, nor would I claim that it represents my idea of the perfect concerto plan. But it does represent Tchaikovsky's ideas and that seems somehow quite sufficient. On occa-

(*Continued on page* 45)

"And for our anniversary he gave me a diamond needle!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur Honegger, 1892-1955

By EVERETT HELM

THE recent death (November 27) of Arthur Honegger at sixty-three presents a classic example of the "radical" in youth who comes to be regarded in late years as a "conservative" by the youth of that time. It is somewhat an unhappy fate and in Honegger's case an unfair one. For the future will not ask whether he wrote *avant-garde* music or not; it will be concerned solely with its quality. Judged on this basis it has, we venture to predict, a good chance of survival. Not all of Honegger's work will enjoy immortality, for he wrote weak pieces as well as strong. But so, for that matter, did Beethoven and, to cite a more recent example, Richard Strauss.

It seems likely that, just as Strauss will be best remembered for three or four operas and several tone-poems, Honegger's future fame will rest on a half-dozen works, which we think will include the oratorio "King David," the stage work "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," the "Liturgical Symphony," the "Symphony for String Orchestra and Trumpet," and the Fifth Symphony, called "Di Tre Re." The work which thrust him into the category "radical," "Pacific 231," will remain little more than an historical curiosity. It is difficult to imagine, thirty-six years later, how the musical world of the 1920s could possibly have attached so much importance to this piece. It is an orchestral imitation, so to speak, of the sounds of a train—a piece of illustrative music remarkable only for the tricks of orchestration employed.

"Pacific 231" and a similar experimental work "Rugby" (1928) lie quite outside Honegger's main creative stream. He was in his heart not a "bright young modern" but a thoroughly earnest and serious composer, touched by a strong vein of mysticism, which finds its most intense expression in "Jeanne d'Arc" and in the "Symphonie Liturgique." "Jeanne d'Arc," composed on a text by the great French poet and apologist for Catholicism Paul Claudel, is probably his masterpiece. In a kind of modern mystery play that employs spoken and sung text, mixed chorus, children's chorus, and orchestra, Honegger has here written one of the none-too-numerous works of contemporary music that appeal to a very wide audience. In this and in the apocalpytic "Symphonie Liturgique" Honegger gives voice to the hopes and fears that plagued his complicated nature—a strong religious feeling on the one hand and a pessimistic realism on the other.

—*Intercontinental-Gamma.*

Honegger—"he stood outside all schools."

Those of us who had the privilege of knowing Honegger cannot but regret his early death. Not only was he a highly gifted composer; he was also one of the most pleasant and most charming of men. The gentleness of his demeanor was matched by a quiet but ready wit. There was no vanity in his character, nor was he touched by those feelings of personal ambition or professional jealousy that all too often mar the tempers of composers. He was a generous colleague, happy at the success of his friends and interested in their works, while modestly belittling the success of his own. "As to my own success," he wrote in 1950, "I attribute it to the fact that my career began in a climate entirely opposed to ours—after the armistice of 1918. . . . We young composers found all the doors open."

The Group of Six, of which Honegger and Milhaud were the most illustrious members and which represented in the 1920s the most radical trends of French music, did indeed enjoy a particularly happy situation; yet Honegger's forthrightness in admitting this fact is noteworthy. Speaking of that time, he says in his autobiographical book "I Am a Composer": "We thought that another war was impossible, that the world would move towards science, art, and beauty." In his last years, however, Honegger was of quite the contrary opinion. His statements in "I Am a Composer," are pessimistic to a degree. "I believe that we are living the last instants of our civilization; these last instants are necessarily painful . . . Social progress regiments each individual into a concentration-camp kind of life. It makes the existence of an independent being almost impossible. . . . What can possibly be left over for the arts and for music? Do you really believe that a creator of spiritual values, who is the prototype of individualism, still has the possibility to survive, to dedicate himself to his art, to write music?"

"I Am a Composer" is a thoroughly depressing book, and one wonders in reading it to what extent its pessimistic outlook was conditioned by the long illness that hung over Honegger's last years. It contains a good many clues to Honegger's attitude towards composition and to his music. He writes, for instance: "Composition is not a profession. It's a mania—a sweet folly. Composition is the most mysterious of all the arts . . . a great part of my work stands outside my own volition. A good composer finds the golden mean between prose and poetry, between craftmanship and inspiration."

From such quotations it will be seen that Honegger's was essentially a romantic nature. His music is equally romantic, both in spirit and style. He describes himself as a "double national." Born at Le Havre of Swiss parents, he spent most of his life in France but retained a strong Swiss atavism. In his youth he came under the influence of Richard Strauss and Reger, then of Debussy and Fauré. Later Stravinsky, Schönberg, and Milhaud played a part in molding his style. Unlike many of his French contemporaries he did not believe in a return to harmonic simplicity. He never shouted with Satie "A bas Wagner!" On the contrary, he believed in making full use of the entire accumulated experience of music, including the sum total of harmonic material. He stood outside of all movements and schools, an independent whose works will survive sheerly on their intrinsic musical merits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

SIBELIUS WITHOUT "SOCIETY"

LONDON.

ANNIVERSARIES have their uses, especially when they provide the opportunity for remembering an unjustly neglected composer or for reviving some seldom heard masterpiece. Special observance of next month's notable bi-centenary, on the other hand, seems almost pointless since Mozart's memory is honored each day by innumerable music-lovers in every corner of the globe, and the celebrations of the last few days to mark the ninetieth birthday of Jean Sibelius have enabled British musicians and concert-goers to demonstrate their affection for the man without necessarily further enhancing the reputation of the composer. In Britain, at any rate, that reputation has never stood higher, thanks to the devotion of such formidable champions as Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted the magnificent Birthday Concert at the Festival Hall on December 8 (on which occasion he was presented with the Order of the White Rose by the Finnish Ambassador and Foreign Minister), and Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams who, it will be remembered, once dedicated a symphony to Sibelius "without permission" (this happened during World War II, when Britain and Finland were in opposing camps) and whose birthday tribute, written for the *Daily Telegraph,* began with characteristic bluntness: "Today the whole civilized world will join in celebrating the ninetieth birthday of a great composer. (I do not count as civilized those mid-Europeans who ignore Sibelius.)"

In these days of LP there is no longer any need for a "Sibelius Society" to ensure adequate representation on discs: Decca recently completed its integral set of the symphonies, conducted by Anthony Collins, and for December Philips offers alternative versions of Nos. 4 and 5 conducted by Ormandy—a highly competitive coupling, this—and a most attractive disc devoted to fourteen pieces from the incidental music to "The Tempest." Here, as at the Birthday Concert, Beecham again reveals himself as the Sibelius interpreter *par excellence,* and it is to be hoped that he will find time to record for Philips such works as the Fourth and Seventh Symphonies and the best of the tone poems.

Among other notable events of the past few weeks have been the visit of a further sizable contingent of Soviet artists—including the Moiseyev Folk Ballet Company and Leonid Kogan, a brilliant violinist without, however, the artistic stature of an Oistrakh—and the appearance in London of the Juilliard Quartet, whose performances of contemporary chamber music have been acclaimed in the most glowing terms. Fortunately Philips has begun to issue their superb readings of the Bartók quartets, but we are particularly indebted to these players for introducing to this country the String Quartet by Elliot Carter. Carter's music is virtually unknown here and the quartet proved refreshingly controversial: causing one critic to hail the composer as "a new voice," while another declared that he had never spent a longer forty-five minutes in a concert hall! An early recording of this work by the Juilliard seems clearly indicated, for music of such evident intellectual power cannot hope to yield all its secrets at one solitary hearing.

After their voluminous November lists both EMI and Decca groups have decided not to announce any further new issues until the New Year. Even so the supply position has remained desperate, and Decca's unfulfilled orders are said to exceed a total of a million discs! A few late arrivals of last month's Columbia-Angel releases deserve to be mentioned, however, and these include a splendidly recorded Balakirev miscellany—"Tamar," "Russia," and Casella's transcription of "Islamey"—played by the Philharmonia under Lovro von Matacic, the first recording to appear in this country of a quartet by Malipiero—his No. 4, composed in 1934 and dedicated to Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge—which is worthily performed by the Italian Quartet and coupled with Prokofiev's No. 2, the second volume of Bach Sonatas and Partitas for solo violin—A minor and D minor, respectively—in which Johanna Martzy once more demonstrates her fluent technique and intelligent approach, and a concert of Spanish Choral Music, ranging from motets by Victoria to folk songs, given by the Capilla Classica Polifonica del F. A.D., Barcelona, under its conductor, Enrique Ribó.

Over the past few months DGG has steadily built up its standard and Archive catalogues, all the while refusing to be hustled by pressure of competition. Wagnerians will welcome the first complete set of "Der Fliegende Holländer" in spite of a Senta (Kupper) whose unsteady production is only too characteristic of most present-day German sopranos, for the men are well above average and Fricsay's handling of the admittedly uneven score is highly satisfying. The same conductor is associated with the RIAS and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras, respectively, in the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies of Tchaikovsky, but I cannot imagine that many will prefer these discs to, say, the Philharmonia/Karajan versions, especially as both DGG discs turn over midway through the slow movements (ill-considered breaks appear to be one of this company's failings: the "Holländer" contains one which I would scarcely have believed possible even in the days of SP!). The Berlin Philharmonic can be heard, too, in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, conducted by Böhm, and Schumann's "Rhenish," under Ferdinand Leitner, both beautifully played but essentially pedestrian performances. Much the same can be said of the Bamberg/Lehmann version of Dvořák's Fourth, except that the orchestral execution is here somewhat less distinguished.

Those interested in the byways of 19th-century German opera should enjoy a recital by the late Georg Hann, devoted to excerpts from Lortzing's "Der Wildschütz" and "Zar und Zimmermann" and Cornelius's "Der Barbier von Bagdad." Another singer commemorated currently by DGG is Heinrich Schlusnus, whose recital of *Lieder* by Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss consists of transfers of pre-war SP discs, while piano music by Schubert comes into its own with a coupling of the "Wanderer" Fantasie and the Moments Musicaux, Op.

SPECIAL
MID-MONTH RECORDINGS
JAZZ: 1956
ISSUE OF JANUARY 14, 1956
Articles
and
Features
by
WILDER HOBSON
MARSHALL STEARNS
WHITNEY BALLIETT
NAT HENTOFF
IRVING KOLODIN
Trends Prospects
Evaluations
Guide to the
Best "Progressive" Jazz
on LP
ISSUE OF
JANUARY 14, 1956

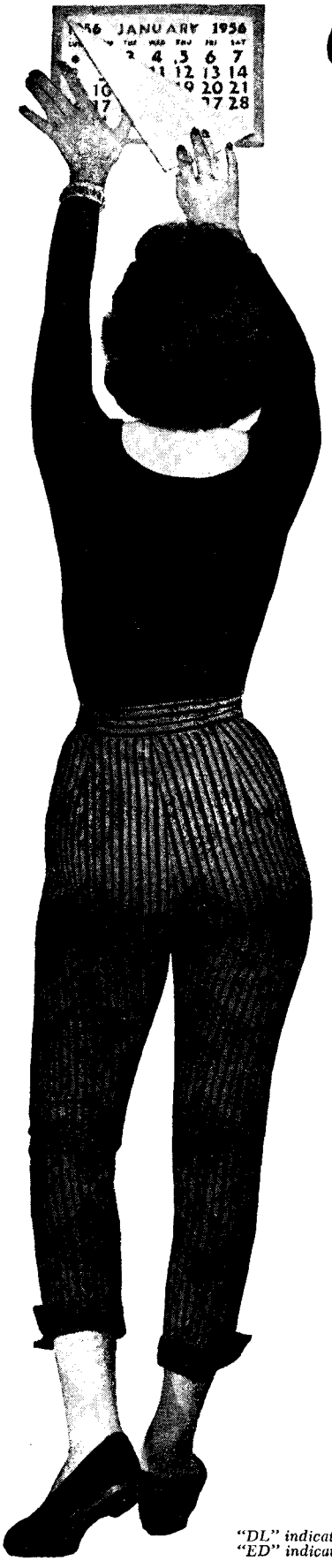
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

94, sensitively performed by Adrian Aeschbacher.

But it is the Archive series, now at last beginning to appear in the United States as an entity, which is the more rewarding of DGG's activities—as far as the discerning listener is concerned, at any rate. Among recent additions to this anthology I particularly enjoyed a dozen secular arias by the 17th-century German composer Adam Krieger, music of great beauty and originality, performed by a group of singers led by Margot Guilleaume (soprano) and assisted by the Kammermusikkreis Scheck directed from the harpsichord by Fritz Neumeyer, as well as another outstanding contribution from the Pro Musica Antiqua ensemble which couples Chansons by Jannequin and Balletti by Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi (the latter a contemporary of the great Elizabethan madrigalists): exciting and immensely entertaining fare, performed with the utmost skill and gusto. There is, in addition, a trio of pleasant secular cantatas by Telemann; the first two of Handel's Concerti Grossi, Op. 6, receive scholarly but insufficiently buoyant performances at the hands of the Bamberg Strings under Fritz Lehmann, and Wolfgang Schneiderhan gives a most impressive account of Bach's D minor Partita for Solo Violin (no "Vega" bow for Archive, be it noted!).

Philips, in addition to the Bartók disc by the Juilliard Quartet and the Sibelius issues already mentioned in this report, offers another superb record by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic: five Berlioz Overtures—"King Lear," "Waverley," "Les Francs Juges," "Le Corsaire," and the inevitable "Carnaval Romain"—magnificently played, and with recording to match. Very welcome, too, is a disc devoted to orchestral works by Malcolm Arnold, one of the most successful of Britain's younger composers. His amusing and ebullient Overture, "Beckus the Dandipratt," caused quite a stir when Decca issued it on SP some years ago—it became celebrated especially as a Hi-Fi demonstration disc—but its LP bed-fellows, the Symphony No. 2 (commissioned by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra for its Diamond Jubilee in 1953) and the "Tam O'Shanter" Overture, are new to the repertoire. Both overtures are of riotous character and the symphony, too, is full of fun and may well shock those who regard the symphonic form as a vehicle for propounding serious and weighty ideas. The composer himself directs the Royal Philharmonic in "Beckus" and the symphony, while John Hollingsworth conducts "Tam O'Shanter."

—Thomas Heinitz.



One Moment, Please...

This is the time for turning over a new leaf, making resolutions and preparing for a bright new year. But before you look ahead, take one more good look at 1955. This past year, Decca brought you an exciting New World of Sound—fresh, brilliant personalities combined with new techniques of musical presentation and arrangement. Sure, there are great things ahead, but now is a good time to make some of 1955's wonderful New World of Sound albums a part of your collection!

Larry Elgart's superb Decca album, *Music For Barefoot Ballerinas* (DL 8034, ED-712) will please everyone from the hi-fi enthusiast to the lover of new and exotic musical experiences. Fred Reynolds in *Hi Fi Music At Home* says of the album, "It is . . . one of the most electrifying hi-fi recordings ever released. The vignettes are alive, volatile, vibrant, tender, and ever unpredictable."

The sparkling vocal personality of a new talent of 1955 is spotlighted in two highly successful Decca albums, *Starring Sammy Davis, Jr.* (DL 8118, ED 2214-6) and *Just For Lovers* (DL 8170, ED 2285-7). Sammy sings some of the best of Tin Pan Alley. We think Sammy Davis, Jr. definitely deserves many recorded encores in 1956, don't you?

In 1955, we were hosts to four of the greatest gals you'll ever hear. Their visit produced these four exciting albums of vocal moods: Jeri Southern served up a little singing in *The Southern Style* (DL 8055, ED-740), then, Carmen McRae vocalized *By Special Request* (DL 8173, ED 2279-80, 81) and *Sylvia Syms Sings* (DL 8188, ED 2305-7). Last, but not least of these wonderful albums, is *Sweet and Hot* (DL 8155, ED 2251-3), by that redoubtable lady of talent, Ella Fitzgerald. Hear these four different vocal moods by four wonderful gals!

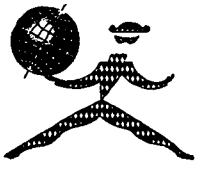
NOTICE: Movie marquees across the nation ablaze with *Guys And Dolls!* Hear Decca's Original Cast Album of *Guys And Dolls* (DL 9023, ED-803) starring Vivian Blaine, B. S. Pully, Stubby Kaye and other stars of both the film and the original Broadway production! And, Sammy Davis, Jr. sings *Selections From Guys And Dolls* (ED 2308). Both sets are great listening!

"DL" indicates 33⅓ Long Play Recordings
"ED" indicates 45 Extended Play Records

DECCA® RECORDS

a New World of Sound

"You Can Hear The Difference!"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

De los Angeles—"beautiful sound."

Schubert from Holland

SCHUBERT: *"Die Winterreise." Laurens Bogtman, bass, with Felix de Nobel, piano.* Epic LC-3154, $3.98.

WHILE WAITING for RCA Victor to comply with the requests for a reissue of the Hüsch "Winterreise," persons interested in a diversified view of that many-sided cycle would do well to investigate the work of these two artists. Both are well-known in their native land, Bogtman in Amsterdam, de Nobel in Haarlem. By utilizing the full capacity of both sides of the LP (and cheating a little by carrying over the last portion of "Frühlingstraum" from side I to side II, for which we accept the well-bred apology tendered in the annotation), Epic has managed to convey the twenty-four songs on one disc.

Since the prevailing practice calls for three sides, (with supplementary material on the fourth) the advantage to the purchaser is clear. It is even more apparent when the Bogtman performance is sampled, for though he is described as a bass, he commands a flowing, baritoneish upper register in which most of the singing is done. (The real voice may be heard in "Gute Nacht" and "Der Leiermann.") This tends to give a somewhat similar tinge to the performance, as it is not a register he can color too effectively, and the top tones are slightly strained.

However, Bogtman is a first-class musician, a singer of taste and experience (he is best known in Holland as a Bach singer), who brings much imagination and vitality to his treatment of both text and music. He is also partial to more forward-moving tempi in several songs than some other well-respected interpreters (possibly why Epic could undertake a two-sided issue), which is conducive to interest, in my view. De Nobel is admirable in his portion of the undertaking, the engineering of outstanding excellence.

De los Angeles and Munch

BERLIOZ: *"Les Nuits d'Été,"* DEBUSSY: *"La Damoiselle Élue." Victoria de los Angeles with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch.* RCA Victor LM-1907, $3.98.

AS MAY BE noted in the recently released "Madama Butterfly" (RCA Victor LM-6121) something has been happening to the De los Angeles voice and—for a fortunate change—it is all to the good. As long as there have been De los Angeles records (in the latter 78-rpm days) there has been admiration for the musicianship and serious purpose with which she used her beautiful sound. But some sense of reticence, of incomplete projection stood between her performance and a real communication to the listener.

To judge from both the "Summer Nights" of Berlioz and "The Blessed Damozel" of Debussy that element in her artistic equipment is coming into better focus all the time. Perhaps it is a matter of greater maturity and deeper understanding of what she is doing: it is, in any case, welcome while the voice retains its fresh sound and, indeed, takes on more warmth than it previously possessed.

Thanks to the framework supplied by Munch, these two idiomatic performances are particularly welcome as coupled. Bidu Sayao's singing in the early LP Columbia "Damoiselle Élue" with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra lingers with me as a more atmospheric treatment of the French text as well as a masterful statement of the Debussy line, but it must defer to the greater totality realized here. (Carol Smith, incidentally, shows a notably rich and vibrant mezzo voice as the narrator and the Radcliffe Choral Society does its work well.) Miss de los Angeles has another formidable standard to match in at least "L'Absence" of "Nuits d'Été," namely that of Maggie Teyte. For the while this may be admired as superior, generally, to the Suzanne Danco-Thor Johnson version on London, while leaving us hopeful, still, of something more subtle and vocally colorful. RCA's new, excellent kind of Boston Symphony sound adds much to the whole.

Vignettes by Morini

SCHUBERT-WILHELM: *"Ave Maria,"* KREISLER: *"Caprice Viennois," "Schön Rosmarin," and "Midnight Bells," also nine other short pieces. Erica Morini, violin, with Leon Pommers, piano.* Westminster WN 18087, $4.98.

WESTMINSTER'S acquisition of the great skills of Erica Morini means, doubtless, that there will be another full catalogue of the major concerti from her, which is probably good news to all but other violinists. However, that will take some time to accomplish. Here, in the meanwhile, is a fairly complete sampling of the violinist's "encore" literature with which her admirers can sustain themselves.

From the opening "Ave Maria"—taken at a daringly slow pace and sustained in that wise, "word for word," to the end—Miss Morini has applied as much care and artistic conscience to each individual item as she might to a whole concerto. Some might like Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois" in a less introspective vein, but the following "Schön Rosmarin" fairly skips across the strings, his arrangement of Heuberger's "Midnight Bells" is sung with lovely sound and uncloying sentiment, as is the "Liebesleid" on side two.

One need hardly catalogue the virtues of the additional pieces (the Tchaikovsky-Burmeister "Neapolitan Song," the Kreisler transcription of the Act II flute solo in Gluck's "Orfeo," Sarasate's embellishment of the "Faust" waltz, a "Sicilienne" by Marie Therese von Paradies, Tchaikovsky's "Chant sans Paroles" arranged by Swett, the "Canzonetta" from Godard's "Concerto Romantique," the Chaminade "Spanish Dance" in a Kreisler transcription and the Burmeister version of the menuetto from Mozart's Divertimento No. 17 complete the list) to assure the reader that this is all faultless violin playing. If one quality is a little lacking it is spontaneity, which comes and goes in this sequence. Leon Pommers does his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part tastefully, and the recording is remarkably clean, also well-balanced.

Marked Down Masterpieces

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 45 in F sharp minor ("Farewell"). Erich Leinsdorf conducting.* BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor. Bernhard Paumgartner conducting.* Grand Award G A 33-319, $2.98.

GIVEN THE NAMES of the musicians involved, the quoted price for a coupling of the Haydn and Beethoven symphonies plus an 8-by-10 (inches) reproduction "suitable for framing" of Rembrandt's "Night Watch" would seem modest enough. The only thing more modest is the quality of the recording offered, and the utility of the reproduction (picture, this time). Hence, the purchaser should listen as well as look before he buys.

The Haydn symphony, for example, dates to 1947, pre-LP, and was a poor specimen of reproduction even by standards of the time. Leinsdorf's conducting is painstaking enough, and it may be described, indeed, as a vigorous, well-phrased conception of Haydn which was, simply, mismanaged in the recording process. As for the "American Artists Symphony Orchestra" to which the performance is attributed: there never was any such thing, the orchestra being a typical New York pick-up unit. It contained some very good men, but had no identity otherwise.

The juxtaposed performance of the Beethoven C minor is much better sounding, as the date of mention for the recording—June 15, 1955—would suggest. However, it is no more than a routine performance of Beethoven, and not as worthy of favor as others in low cost categories. As for the "Night Watch," if the purchaser can strip the engraving from the face of the sleeve without tearing it, he is a better man than I. What he will have then is a front surface looking like a piece of gray flannel, and a back surface presenting some textual matter about the music and a good deal extolling the qualities of the "In Person" recording . . . "which is surpassed by no other recording." I wonder what the Academie which selects the "Grand Prix du Disque" awards would say to that.

Morini—"care and conscience."

Warren's Verdi, and London's

VERDI: *Excerpts from "Forza del Destino," "Rigoletto," "Otello," "Masked Ball," etc. Leonard Warren, baritone, with Renato Cellini, Dimitri Mitropoulos and Vincenzo Bellezza, conducting.* RCA Victor LM-1932, $3.98.

VERDI: *"È sogno," ("Falstaff"), "Pari siamo" ("Rigoletto") and "Credo" ("Otello"), also other excerpts by Wagner, Moussorgsky, Massenet, etc. George London, bass-baritone, with Jean Morel conducting.* Columbia ML 4999, $4.98.

THOUGH GEORGE LONDON made his Metropolitan debut as Amonasro in "Aida," he has rarely been identified with any other Verdi opera there. Warren, on the other hand, made his first prominent impression at the Metropolitan as Rangoni in "Boris" but has had little inclination for Russian opera since then. Thus, the comparisons induced by these records are strictly phonographic ones, for London might make something of "Otello" or "Rigoletto" not limited to the sounds conveyed on the record. As for Ford's "È sogno," what a lift a London impersonation of that part would give to a re-studied, re-staged version of that work at the Metropolitan! Stuff of dreams, perhaps—but?

Not only in the arias which are much better suited to his vocal coloration and malleable range than they are to London's, but virtually throughout this collection Warren is a Verdian baritone to match any we have heard in years, and leave us reaching to the past for comparisons. The new material of this disc would seem to be "È sogno," the "Credo," "Brindisi" and "Era la notte" from "Otello." The others are extracted from various enterprises of greater length in which Warren has had a part. The standard sags a little in "Alla vita che t'arride" from "Masked Ball" and the "Urna fatale" from "Forza" is slightly overdone, but it is otherwise vocal art of high quality.

As well as striking out in a Verdian direction in his collection, London offers versions of the two big monologues of Hans Sachs from "Meistersinger," "Voilà donc la terrible cité"

West—"an impressive effort."

("Thais"), and "Standin' in the need of prayer" from Gruenberg's "Emperor Jones" as well as "I have attained the power" from "Boris." Judged by the standard of the "Boris" excerpt and his stirring performance of the Gruenberg excerpt, London is not yet ready to deal authoritatively with the Sachs monologues, nor is the Massenet all it might be. London, of course, has had considerable Bayreuth experience and may eventually make an impressive Sachs. He is, however, too word conscious in these performances, sacrificing the line, too often, for a dramatic accent. Morel also lets him down rather abruptly in the Wagner and Verdi matters, though he provides ample life in the Moussorgsky and Massenet. Good sound, a little exaggerated in its emphasis on volume.

Talented Miss West

SCHUBERT: *"An Die Musik" and fourteen other songs. Lucretia West, mezzo-soprano, with Leo Taubmann, piano.* Westminster WN 18090, $4.98.

OF THE NUMEROUS young artists of consequence introduced by Westminster—and that is a list that includes such names as Paul Badura-Skoda, Magda Laszlo, Edith Farnadi, and Julian Olevsky—Lucretia West is not the least, and most probably, not the last. And of the several mezzos of her race who have been nominated as inheritors of the mantle of Marian Anderson, Miss West has not only a better voice than most but also a deeper artistic awareness of what fine *Lieder* singing comprehends.

She doesn't always hit the mark squarely here, but it is an impressive effort, not only for the superbly sustained vocal quality through a chal-

(*Continued on page* 51)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-1899, $3.98.	Clarity and line are the essential distinctions of this performance, which is very well carried through by Reiner according to his intentions. However, I do not find it a strongly absorbing "Eroica," for the concern with refinements of the scoring interfere with a steady sense of momentum in the music or real emotional communication. Excellent orchestral performance, strongly reproduced.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35203, $4.98.	Meticulous, well-detailed performance by the Philharmonia which lacks, however, the personal view of such a score provided by Toscanini in one RCA Victor version and Monteux in another. Moreover, the symphony runs over onto side two, so that instead of containing another complete work the space is filled by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's able but not outstanding singing of "Ah perfido." The sound is good, but hardly good enough to command attention on its own.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C. Geza Anda, piano, with Alceo Galliera conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35248, $4.98.	A needed bolster to the reputation of Anda, what with his recent less than wholly happy public appearances here. In this work he is not only assured but able, with a thorough command of the musical as well as the technical problems it poses. Galliera takes the opening allegro at an appropriately smart *con brio* pace, and otherwise provides energetic leadership for the enduringly enjoyable score. Subjoined is Anda's playing of the C sharp minor ("Moonlight") sonata, which fares reasonably well in the first movement, not so well thereafter. The recording of the concerto is particularly good.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG-50057, $4.98.	There is much to admire in the musical purpose of Paray in much of this score, though it strikes me he has overplayed the prominence of the brass in both the first and last movements in an endeavor to give Brahms' orchestral palette a tint it doesn't possess. Also, Mercury's recording technique tends to make the strings even more incisive than, perhaps, the conductor wants them to be. Whatever else may be said of it, there is no want of vitality in this presentation.
Delibes: "Sylvia" and "Coppelia" (excerpts). Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-1913, $3.98.	Previously issued as a portion of a multi-disc folio entitled "The Ballet," these flavorsome performances by Monteux and the needed number of BSO personnel are super de luxe "Pop" quality —what might be called Monteux *"Populaire."* This means not only a precise attention to the details of Delibes's artful scoring, but also a rousing account of the melodic and rhythmic values they contain. Each side contains six excerpts. Warm, vivid sound.
Grofé: "Grand Canyon" suite. Copland: "El Salon Mexico." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-1928, $3.98.	A worthy neighbor to the foregoing, with Fiedler maintaining his phonographic standard with particular success in the Grofé. His treatment of the Copland strikes me as a mite too curvaceous and plump, so to speak, lacking a little of the bite and strength in the score. However, it comes off very well as hi-fi if not as Copland. Excellent technical detail in both.
Ibert: "Circus." John Hollingsworth conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Previn: "Ring around the Rosy." The composer conducting. M-G-M E3207, $3.98.	Two excerpts of more than passing interest from the forthcoming Gene Kelly-Toumaneva-Youskevitch "Invitation to the Dance." Neither is consistently on the occasional high level each composer attains, but Ibert's score certainly has color and vitality, and Previn's attests further to the varied talents of this real musician. There is in each a little more superficial noise and excitement than there would be, I suspect, if written for another medium than the films. Excellent sound.
Lalo: "Namouna" (Suites Nos. 1 and 2). Jean Martinon conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL-1268, $3.98.	Delibes lacked Lalo's skill in writing concert-hall music, but his ballets (see above) have much more invention and durability than such a work as this. The history of failure at its first hearings is not really reversed by Martinon's devoted work on its behalf, for Lalo's scoring is thick for the musical material it covers, the harmonic idiom not attractive. Hardly for the average taste in any case.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 3. Emil Gilels, piano, with André Cluytens conducting the Conservatory Orchestra. Angel 35230, $4.98.	A conductor of more drive and rhythmic animation would have contributed something to this that Cluytens doesn't, with necessarily debilitating effect on the total result. Gilels performs with the surety of hand and the good musical sense that marked his recent performances here, though he, too, lacks the personal force to project what is often implied but not spelled out in Rachmaninoff's writing. Well balanced sound.
Rachmaninoff: "The Bells," with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra and vocal soloists. Columbia ML-5043, $4.98.	A worthy addition to Columbia's excellent series of Philadelphia Orchestra-Rachmaninoff offerings, with Ormandy in secure command of the values in this uneven work, and David Lloyd, tenor, Frances Yeend, soprano, and Mack Harrell, baritone (in order of their appearance) singing uniformly well. The text is the English one of the E. A. Poe original (Rachmaninoff set a Russian translation). With it is a sonorous, well-shaded version of "The Isle of the Dead." Both works are excellent examples of the recording art. (If one is puzzled by which one "of our finest orchestras" wanted Rachmaninoff as conductor, it was the B-st-n, which apparently cannot be mentioned in a Columbia annotation.)
Stravinsky: *"Petrouchka."* Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony. Mercury MG-50068, $4.98.	*Without denying the substantial technical craft that goes into making a recording as good as this* one, it must be stated flatly that the result is as much akin to Stravinsky's score as an X-ray plate is of the human to whom it relates. All the bones are exposed but the factors of personality, of artistic individuality are stripped away. Furthermore, the isolated elements (trumpet fanfares, percussion, wind solos) are magnified beyond any relation to concert-hall reality. The totality is a grotesque distortion of the composer's intent.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster WN-18048, $4.98.	Rodzinski's thorough knowledge of this score is beyond question, and the musical detail is very cleanly stated throughout. However, the aesthetic impression is more one of isolated climaxes for microphone purposes than of a consecutive statement of music. In any case, it does not make a convincing "Pathétique" to me. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tchaikovsky

Continued from page 38

sion I have grown as tired of it as I have of other concertos which fully represent the perfect concerto plan. After a while, when I hear a stirring interpretation, I love it again and so have cause to be grateful that distinguished artists and the public persistently succumb to its inspiration. It may be that some pianists choose the work because they think it assures success, not because they recognize its qualities. The fact is never concealable. The public's enthusiasm is due to reasons which musicologists are apt to overlook in the maze of technical concerns. A piece of music that brings comfort to an unhappy heart, order to meaningless experience and the courage which makes us feel that life is worth living—this music has been written by a man who has something vital to say and knows how to say it.

When Emil Gilels made his New York debut in the Tchaikovsky concerto an eminent critic rued the choice. Personally, I was glad, for many years have passed since I heard a completely gratifying interpretation of the embattled warhorse. As a pianist I know how much musicianship it takes to play its melodic lines with simplicity and restraint, how much virtuosity is required to handle the bravura passages with ease and lucidity, and how much architectural sense is needed to unify its dramatic scheme. Besides, I shall never cease to respect its history.

Hans von Bülow was the musician who played its premiere (Boston, 1875) and who called it "original, noble, mature, powerful, and distinguished." Yet no pianist ever had a more enviable intellectual standing. Liszt once said of him: "Bülow is a schoolmaster, but of aristocratic rank." An artist of extraordinary perceptivity, Bülow was essentially a conservative rescued from pedantry by close association with Liszt and Wagner. On one tour here Bülow played from memory the complete piano-solo works of Beethoven on sixteen consecutive evenings. He regarded the Sonatas, which he edited, as his "New Testament" (the Old Testament, of course, being Bach's "Well Tempered Clavier"). If there was ever an artist untainted by suggestions of shallowness or exhibitionism, it was Bülow.

Later in the now-venerable history of Tchaikovsky's first concerto, Horowitz, Solomon, Curzon, and Gilels chose it for their debuts in New York. Others too, possibly, whom I have not

EDITIONS DE
L'OISEAU-LYRE
Heralds the New Year
with its
GREATEST
RELEASE

Two HANDEL Masterpieces

SEMELE (complete)
Cast includes Jennifer Vyvyan, William Herbert with St. Anthony Singers and New Symphony Orch. cond. by Anthony Lewis.
3–12"–OL 50098/100–$14.94

SOSARME (complete)
Cast includes Alfred Deller, Margaret Ritchie with St. Anthony Singers and St. Cecilia Orch. cond. by Anthony Lewis.
3–12"–OL 50091/3–$14.94

For the MOZART Year

Another Historic Record Making Event

MOZART
LITANIAE LAURETANAE (K. 195)
12"–OL 50085–$4.98

MOZART
LITANIAE DE VENERABILI (K. 243)
12"–OL 50086–$4.98
Jennifer Vyvyan, William Herbert and other soloists with St. Anthony Singers and The Boyd Neel Orch. cond. by Anthony Lewis.

THE COMPLETE
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
of
JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU
Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Roger Albin, 'cello. Ensemble cond. by Louis de Froment. 5-12"–OL 50080/4–$24.90

Other Outstanding Recordings On This Release

Torelli: TWELVE CONCERTI GROSSI, Op. 8
Louis Kaufman, George Alès, violins. Orchestra cond. by Louis Kaufman. 2-12"–OL 50089/90–$9.96

Arne: COMUS—Masque (complete)
Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morison, William Herbert with St. Anthony Singers and Orchestra cond. by Anthony Lewis. 2-12"–OL 50070/1–$9.96

Bach: MASS IN B MINOR (complete)
Soloists with Choir of the Dreikönigskirche, Frankfurt and Collegium Musicum Orch. cond. by Kurt Thomas. 3-12"–OL 50094/6–$14.94

Albinoni: SIX CONCERTOS FROM Op. 5 and Op. 7
Pierre Pierlot, oboe; Orchestra cond. by Louis de Froment. 12"–OL 50041–$4.98

MASTERS OF EARLY ENGLISH KEYBOARD MUSIC
Thurston Dart, harpsichord and organ.
2 12"–OL 50075/6–$9.96

KEYBOARD MUSIC OF BACH AND HIS SONS
Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord and piano.
12"–OL 50097–$4.98

Hindemith: KLEINE KAMMERMUSIK, Op. 24 No. 2
The French Wind Quintet.

Hindemith: SONATA FOR OBOE AND PIANO
Pierre Pierlot, oboe; Annie D'Arco, piano.
10"–DL 53007–$2.98

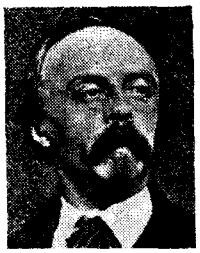
LONDON INTERNATIONAL, INC.
539 WEST 25th STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sonata in G minor, Partita in B minor. Johanna Martzy, violin. Angel 35280, $4.98.	A rather retrogressive effort by Miss Martzy, whose recent version of the Brahms concerto promised something more in force and fervor than she provides. It is generally accomplished, often beautiful violin playing (a few slips in pitch aside), but rather academic in its statement of the musical design, of but modest eloquence in the slow movements.
Beethoven: Sonatas in C minor (opus 13) and F minor (opus 57). Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM 1908, $3.98.	Two excellent performances by Rubinstein, with especially interesting results in the earlier work. In both, the pianist seems bent on divesting the music of the associations with the titles ("Pathetic" is the composer's own, "Appassionata" the appellation of another) that have caused them to be overdramatized. In both the climaxes are appropriately achieved, but within a frame that shows his uncommon attention to detail. Characteristic sound.
Debussy: Quartet. Ravel: Quartet. Curtis String Quartet. Westminster WN-18049, $4.98.	Careful preparation and painstaking attention to balance are evident in both of these performances, but the total sound of the quartet is not the best to be heard in this literature on records, the imaginative projection too limited. The Ravel fares somewhat better than the Debussy. Of special comment is the clean, well-detailed reproduction.
Grieg: "The First Primrose" and twenty other songs. Hilde Roessel-Madjan, mezzo-soprano, with Viktor Graef, piano. Westminster WN-18089, $4.98.	Both for the repertory and Roessel-Majdan's affecting treatment of it, this is a disc of considerable value. Her substantial voice is not always under the best control and its color values could be better exploited, but she is an intelligent, sensitive artist who does perhaps half of the songs very well, the others satisfactorily. In addition to such favorites as "I Love Thee," "The Last Spring," and "A Swan," the collection includes such fine lesser-known songs as "Sunset," "Radiant Night," and "Hidden Love." Graef collaborates effectively, and the presentation, sound-wise, is top quality.
Janáček: "Mladi." Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, with Leon Lester, bass clarinet. "Concertino." Quintet, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Columbia ML-4995, $4.98.	The developing literature on records of Janáček may well lead to an upgrading of that composer's status among music lovers denied the opportunity in the concert hall. "Mladi" ("Youth Suite") is a particularly engaging work of his seventieth year, with some Bartokian overtones. It is superbly played and faultlessly reproduced. The more thewy "Concertino" is also beautifully presented (Samuel Lifschey, viola, Jacob Krachmalnick and David Madison, violins complete the ensemble), but it does not realize its intentions as well as "Mladi."
Honegger: Petite Suite. G. A. Nicolet, flute; H. Schneeberger, violin, and Pierre Souvairan, piano. Regamey: Quartet. Winterthur Quartet. London LL-893, $3.98.	The fluent Honegger suite and its "encore," a "Danse de la Chèvre" superbly performed by flutist Georges Aurele Nicolet, are substantial attractions on this disc but by no means its only ones. Of special note is the Quartet No. 1 of Constantin Regamey, who despite his Swiss-French nativity lived many years in Warsaw, where he taught Indian philology—also functioning as a critic. During the Occupation he turned to composition, producing this finely wrought, strongly motivated quartet in 1949. It has something of the linear individuality of Debussy, but with a tonal texture quite its own. The performance by the Winterthur Quartet (which includes such phonogenic names as Peter Rybar and Clemens Dahinden) is outstanding, the reproduction first class. The generous disc also includes a less striking sonata by Albert Moeschinger played by Messrs. Schneeberger and Souvairan.
Kodaly: Sonata, Op. 4. Janos Starker, cello, with Otto Herz, piano. Duo, opus 7. Starker, with Arnold Eidus, violin. Period SPL-720, $4.98.	Thoughtful and thought-provoking works by Kodaly, both profiting from the superior artistry of Starker, the uncommon substance and richness of his tone. The able Herz is a thoroughly qualified partner in the sonata, the strong, well-controlled sound from Eidus a reminder that he is not heard as often as his qualities merit. Well-balanced reproduction.
Schumann: "Novelletten," Op. 20. Jacqueline Blancard, piano. London LL-1266, $3.98.	Sensitive execution by Blanchard, whose facility and taste are useful attributes in such literature as this. However, she tends to play down her dynamic contrasts in a striving, perhaps, for intimacy, and the kind of rhythmic zest that characterizes so much of Schumann is rarely provided. Good reproduction of the piano.
Strauss, J.: "Artist's Life," "Fledermaus," and "Wine, Women, and Song," transcribed by Godowsky, etc. Edith Farnadi, piano. Westminster WN-18064, $4.98.	A properly glistening performance of the devilishly difficult piano *tour de fingers* Godowsky made of the Strauss originals would indeed be welcome, for they combine in admirable proportion melodic attraction with good, clean exhibitionism. However, Miss Farnadi doesn't have the margin of technical error really to play these works: they, rather, play her. That is to say, one is always conscious of effort expended, and the ornamentation, rather than being decorative, becomes an encumbrance. Also at fault is the sound of the piano, which lacks sparkle and tonal glamour for such music. In addition to the items noted, the collection includes Dohnanyi's transcription of the "Schatz" waltz and a "Pizzicato Polka" done up for piano by an otherwise unidentified Schulhof.
Verdi: "Pari siamo," etc. from "Rigoletto," etc. Rolando Panerai, baritone, Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera. Angel 35095, $4.98.	To judge from his work here, Panerai is pursuing a soundly directed progress that should put him among the outstanding Italian baritones of the day in due time. His portions of "Pari siamo" and the final duet of the opera are dramatically sound and vocally opulent. Dobbs, on the other hand, is fluent and rather fluty for the requirements of Gilda. On side two she sings a solo sequence consisting of excerpts from "Coq d'Or," "Manon," "Sonnambula," and "Lakme" (all expectable choices, save the preference from "Porquoi dans les grands bois" and the "Berceuse" instead of Delibes's "Bell Song."). These are all done with model musicianship and clean articulation of texts. Galliera's conducting is a factor of worth, as is the recording.
Villa-Lobos: "Próle do Bêbê," (Series 1 and 2) José Echániz, piano. Westminster WN-18065, $4.98.	Whether or not Echaniz relishes his estate as the principal "South of the Border" pianist now active, it has brought more than a little repute to him as well as profit to his listeners. These brief, fanciful pieces are decidedly suitable to him, and he to them. They have a modest affinity to Debussy's "Children's Corner," but are much more earthy, practical and clearly defined. Echaniz plays the total of seventeen in "The Baby's Family" (dolls, cardboard cat, cotton bear, etc.) with admirable definition of the musical design and no little humor. —I. K.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



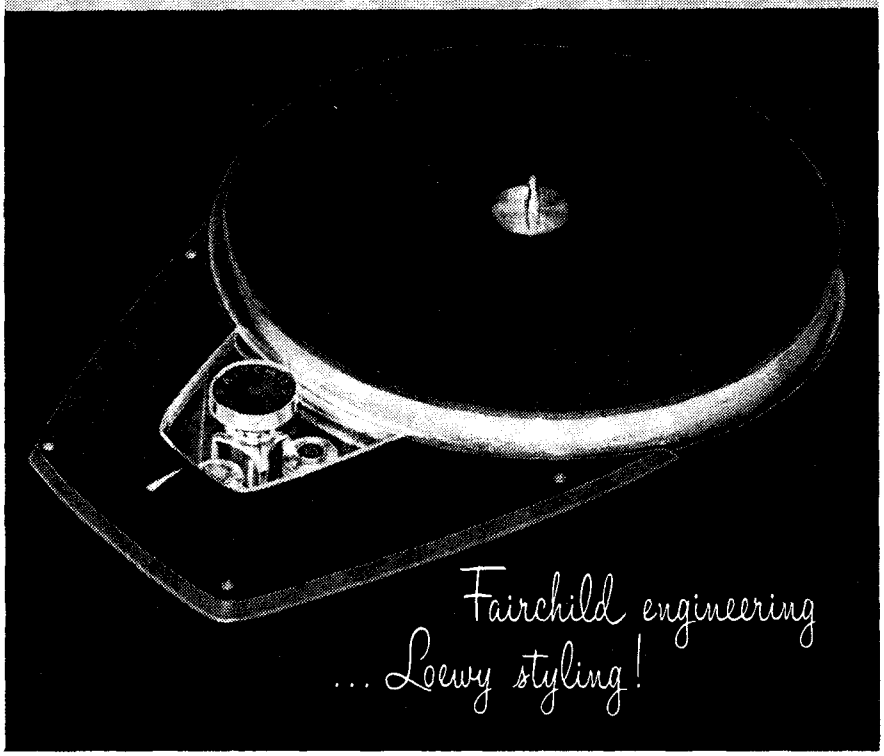
Bülow—"enviable intellectual standing."

tracked down. Do I hear someone say that musicians select it because it is "sure-fire"? Maybe from an audience viewpoint. Permit me to say, however, that the challenges posed by this Palladium of pianism are so formidable that in my opinion there is not yet one wholly satisfying recording available.

The latest LP version is by Gilels with Reiner and the Chicago Symphony on Victor. It is among the finest in sheer sound and balance. A rich broad opening promises a spacious concept which is almost instantly negated by losses in tension and dynamics just before the embellished re-statement where piano and orchestra reverse their materials. The first solo is splendidly handled until the treacherous descending passage where the pianist's left hand leaves his right hand to carry on alone. Then comes the tricky *Allegro con spirito* section. Its effect lies in its rhythmic originality, a pattern of the first two notes of an incompleted triplet. Every pianist except Solomon distorts its primary feature by treating the second note as a main note, and the first as a clipped grace note. Each time, the orchestral answer promptly and properly contradicts the error by stressing the first note. Each time the soloist answers in stubborn rejection of the correction. It grows quite ludicrous and it sounds just as absurd in Russian. The second movement is tenderly sung but sectionalized, and is later marred by Gilels's customary dependence upon the pedal, even in the *sempre staccato* section. The *prestissimo* episode initiates a struggle and discloses less than technical precision. The last movement displays the most ardor and conviction. Although Gilels brings considerable intensity and propulsion to the entire

Bachauer—"poise, conviction."

A TURNTABLE FOR THE HOME, BUILT TO FAIRCHILD'S STUDIO EQUIPMENT STANDARDS!



FAIRCHILD

Turromatic TURNTABLE

Fairchild, now in its third decade of supplying equipment to meet the most exacting standards of recording and broadcasting studios throughout the world, presents for the first time a home turntable of compatible excellence.

You would naturally expect superlative performance in a table from Fairchild, and the new "411" gives it. Vibrationless operation makes possible utilization of the full dynamic range of modern LP recordings; its rumble content is actually lower than that of most records. The Turromatic's absence of reproduced noise is matched only by its complete acoustical silence – *you will only know by the soft illumination that it is running!* Flutter and wow are no longer a consideration, being completely imperceptible (typical measurements: less than 0.07% RMS at 78 and less than 0.1% at 33).

Automatic Idler Pressure Release – no flats on idlers ever!

Unless you remember to "turn the switch to the off position", most turntables (probably yours) will develop "flat" spots on the idler. This naturally results in greatly deteriorated performance. With the Fairchild Automatic Pressure Release such damage is impossible. Since pressure is applied to idlers only when motor current is on, you can safely shut off the "411" from any remote point – for example, at the main control or by clock switch for lazy listening.

Turret Control

The "411" takes full advantage of all the smooth performance inherent in silent, flexible, endless-belt drive. But also, step-pulley type idlers in an ingenious turret mounting provide:

1. Instantaneous, silent, fool-proof speed shift
2. Greatly increased driving surface for positive non-slip drive.

OTHER FEATURES:

All bearings poured babbitt precision rifle-drilled for highest polish. (Babbitt running on polished, hardened steel is still the smoothest, most quiet, and most durable bearing devised.)

Thrust bearing is ROTATING polished steel ball turning on nylon seat . . . self-adjusting, self-aligning, practically wear-free.

Main bearing sealed to shaft—no one (including you!) can mar its mirror-like surface after assembly and final test.

TWO STAGES of motor isolation from frame and turntable.

Polished aluminum turntable, non-magnetic.

Heavy cast-iron flywheel for greatest stability and smoothness of motion.

Built-in "45" center raises or lowers quickly and easily.

Clearance provided for playing 16" transcriptions with appropriate arm.

For the full story . . . see your nearest Hi-Fi dealer or write:

FAIRCHILD Recording Equipment Co., Whitestone 57, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Cafe Bohemia: With Kenny Clarke. Savoy MG-12017, $4.95. Presenting Cannonball: With Julian Adderley. Savoy MG-12018, $4.95.	These two lively modern small band dates serve as sufficient introductory frameworks for the talents of four newcomers: Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, alto; Nat Adderley, cornet; Donald Byrd, trumpet; and Paul Chambers, bass. Of the four, Chambers is perhaps the most mature musician. Byrd is more than competent. The Adderley brothers play with a good deal of fire, Julian like a kind of runny Charlie Parker, and Nat with promise of being quite an exciting cornetist once he gets his technique and ideas face to face. Also on hand are the excellent Horace Silver, Hank Jones, J. Richardson, and K. Clarke. There are, all in all, nine originals (mostly blues) and three standards.
Boston Blow-Up! With the Serge Chaloff Sextet. Capitol T-6510, $3.98.	Serge Chaloff, the warmest and most sensitive—and so most erratic—of the modern baritone saxophonists, has been out of the music business for the past five or so years. This record proves that he has lost none of his power, and perhaps has even enlarged his grasp on his instrument. He is well set off by good solos and brisk ensemble work of Herb Pomeroy, B. Mussilli, Ray Santisi, E. Evans, and Jimmy Zitano. Seven originals and three standards. A fine record.
The Trio: With Hank Jones, Wendell Marshall, and Kenny Clarke. Savoy MG-12023, $4.95.	A relaxed, wholly pleasant conversation between Jones's piano, Marshall's bass, and Clarke's drums. Jones, who has been around for a decade now, has surely and quietly been developing into one of the most satisfying modern jazz pianists. His style—spare and melodic—is chiefly distinguished by a touch that is, unlike that of many of his confreres, light, delicate, and continually aware of the sonorities of the instrument. Clarke and Marshall are their usual nimble selves. Six standards and two originals.
Jazz Collaborations, Vol. 1: With Charles Mingus and Thad Jones. Debut DLP-17, $3.85.	This is a first-rate record in every respect. It features, in addition to Mingus' bass and Jones' trumpet, John Dennis on piano and Max Roach on drums. There are two slow, thoughtful standards and two bright blues. Especially persuasive are Jones' brilliant, somehow *true* trumpet, Dennis's (a newcomer) surprisingly authoritative piano, and Mingus's great solo work. Notable, too, is the collective interplay during every side between all four men.
The Musings of Miles: With the Miles Davis Quartet. Prestige PLP-7007. $4.98.	An excellent demonstration of why Miles Davis—at least when he is cooking—is one of the seminal modern trumpeters. Davis, above all, knows the value of a note, as well as of simplicity. Inspired or not, he never tries to express more than he can on any particular day. Of great help here are Philly Joe Jones on drums (listen to his brush work), Red Garland, a workmanlike pianist, and Oscar Pettiford, who contributes a beautiful, stately solo on the moving slow blues that closes the album. Four standards and two originals.
The Interpretations of Tal Farlow. Norgran MG-N1027, $4.98. A Recital by Tal Farlow. Norgran MG-N1030, $4.98.	On the first record Farlow, the suave modern guitarist, is accompanied by C. Williamson, R. Mitchell, and S. Levey, and on the second by the late Bob Gordon, B. Perkins, M. Bundwig, L. Marable, and B. Enevoldsen. The first shows Farlow playing with more zing—particularly in the lower registers—than is his wont, and is generally superior to the somehow flat-footed second date, which, despite pleasant arrangements and professional solos, just doesn't hang out any flags.
Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm. Period SPL-1113, $3.98.	A stirring reunion of those members of the original John Kirby band who are still alive (C. Shavers, R. Procope, B. Bailey, B. Kyle). Kirby is replaced by Aaron Bell and O'Neill Spencer by Specs Powell. Everyone sounds as good or better than he did fifteen years ago, with the possible exception of Bailey. There are four standards, two of which are well sung by Maxine Sullivan, and one original, as well as an unnecessarily sweet prologue and epilogue, spoken by Frank Walker.
Flutes and Reeds. Savoy MG-12022, $4.95.	The flutes and reeds here include Frank Wess, Ernie Wilkins and Jerome Richardson, who are propulsively backed by H. Jones, E. Jones, and Kenny Clarke. Wess' flute and tenor saxophone, and Wilkins' distinctive *un*Birdlike alto saxophone, are bouyant throughout. Four originals and two standards, all of which have been arranged by Wilkins. Highly recommended.
Groovin' High: With Dizzy Gillespie. Savoy MG-12020, $4.95.	An invaluable set of thirteen reissues made in 1945 on various small labels by Gillespie with several small groups and a couple of big bands, which included such as C. Hart, Sid Catlett, C. Parker, S. Manne, S. Stitt, A. Haig, T. Young, J. Lewis, and M. Jackson. These, together with the few sides made the previous year by Charlie Parker and Coleman Hawkins, were the earliest and some of the best recorded examples of bop.
The Lionel Hampton Quartet/Quintet. Clef MG-C667, $4.98.	The quartet (two tunes) includes Hampton, O. Peterson, R. Brown and B. Rich and on one quintet side Buddy de Franco is added and on the other Herb Ellis. It all moves but to little purpose, and every time a constructive mood is set up, as on "Moonglow" or "This Can't Be Love," somebody comes along and jacks up the tempo or gets bored and things collapse again.
Jay and Kai. Savoy MG-12010, $4.95.	Although the notes give no indication, six of the ten sides here are reissues of two dates Winding and Johnson made a year or so ago when they first joined forces as a dual trombone team. Two others, also their work, are previously unreleased, and the final two sides are inconsequential pick-up dates made by them separately some years ago. Worthwhile for the first six sides.
Gene Krupa Quartet. Clef MG-C668, $4.98.	Six exercises in dullness by Krupa, Bobby Scott (piano), John Drew (bass), and Eddie Shu (tenor), who plays as if he were kneading dough. Krupa, however, shows more taste than usual.
Sing and Swing with Buddy Rich. Norgran MG-N1031, $4.98.	This potpourri includes four sides on which Rich, accompanied by strings, sings—and sings well with a distinctive voice and style; a ballad medley featuring B. Webster, F. Wess, O. Peterson, R. Brown, J. Newman, and T. Jones; and two up-tempo rumpuses with the same personnel. On one, "The Monster," Rich takes a two-mile drum solo, which brings forth the thought that as a drummer endowed with an apparently limitless technique he has surprisingly little taste, no conception of a good *sound*, and only occasionally the artistic ability to create a solo with a beginning, middle, and end. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work, this is not the definitive interpretation.

Other LP versions heard or reheard show almost all their interpreters in characteristic vein. Horowitz on Victor unfurls his demonic rhythmic drive and virtuostic brilliance. Toscanini's orchestral collaboration presents superbly luxuriant moments in the lyrical themes, assertively sparkling and didactic effects elsewhere. The total conception is fervent, super-charged, and thrilling. Yet it illustrates that interpretation has its saturation points of speed, dynamics and excitement beyond which more speed, more dynamics and more excitement can only yield diminishing artistic returns.

Rubinstein on Victor approaches the work expansively, expressively, and dramatically. Sometimes Mitropoulos seems not to agree with his soloist's thesis, with resultant antithesis rather than synthesis, especially in the last movement. Throughout, however, they endow the work with vibrant meaning and show us what a really fine piece it is. That is the interpreter's highest service. Although one cannot help but respond warmly to the eloquence and grandeur of the performance, one is also aware of the soloist's undeniable lapses from technical exactitude, notably in the third movement.

Shura Cherkassky on Decca reveals the gamut of his remarkable pianistic gifts in one of the most fascinating versions. One immediately recognizes the unique influence of Cherkassky's master, Josef Hofmann, behind this mercurial and sophisticated performance. Cherkassky has profited by Hofmann's imagination to produce a rare variety of colors and textures in a finely planned design. Technically, he is in masterful command. Musically, he does wonderful things and disturbing things. Ideas as subtle as Hofmann's can be dangerous. The slightest deviation can become distortion and Cherkassky too frequently indulges in tortured exaggerations. Nevertheless, his performance proves him the possessor of many provocative and invigorating qualities.

Solomon on HMV, in addition to being the one pianist faithful to Tchaikovsky's rhythmic inspiration in the first movement, provides an expressive, sensitive, and urbane reading. But this sweeping and heroic work is not quite his piece. Solomon's admirable style is exquisite, easy, and radiant. Here he seems somewhat overpowered, not only by the roulades and cadenzas but by the orchestra under Dobrowen which often swamps his subtle and lucid pianism.

Uninsky on Epic contributes a gleaming and gracious performance, with able cooperation from Van Otterloo except in the *molto piu mosso* of the finale. Uninsky's fine wrists and fingers provide absolute technical clarity and honesty. The overall impression is that of refinement, fluidity and charm rather than dramatic action or insight.

Gina Bachauer essays the work on Victor under the sympathetic baton of her husband, Alec Sherman. Mme. Bachauer's gifts seem to me quite miscast in this concerto. Melodically, the work emerges with little color or phraseology. Technically, almost every figuration or chordal passage is so injured by excessive speed and pedal that it's hard to figure out exactly what is going on. Only in the opening of the second movement does the soloist show poise, expressivity, and conviction. Everywhere else she sounds thoroughly uncomfortable.

The Tchaikovsky First Concerto not only moves our hearts, but obviously poses serious responsibilities to its interpreters. Although few of us have escaped the teaching and preaching calculated to convince us that our response to its splendor and power is evidence of our low musical taste, there is comfort in the likelihood that it's going to be around for quite a while. I think it has a future.

Music in the Great European Tradition

DECCA PRESENTS THREE MAGNIFICENT BEETHOVEN RECORDINGS:

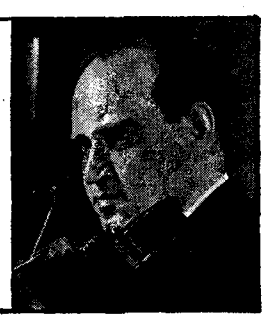
1 **A transcendent "Missa"...** Beethoven's powerful *Missa Solemnis* (DX-135) has been captured by Decca in impeccable high fidelity. Karl Böhm conducts the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, and such famous soloists as Josef Greindl, Maria Stader, and others.

2 **A breathtaking Violin Concerto...** Wolfgang Schneiderhan, Violinist, has recorded a thrillingly lyrical performance of Beethoven's superb *Concerto in D Major*, Op. 61 (DL 9784). The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is directed by Paul van Kempen.

3 **A superlative "Emperor"...** Wilhelm Kempff, one of the world's most respected Beethoven authorities, has given the *Piano Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major*, Op. 73 (DL 9741) a new dimension of interpretation. Paul van Kempen directs the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. More great music in the authentic European tradition.

Above selections all recorded in Europe by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft.

DAVID OISTRAKH plays: Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D Major, Op. 35 **(DL 9755)** Mozart: Concerto No. 5 in A Major, K. 219 ("Turkish") **(DL 9766)** Brahms: Concerto in D Major, Op. 77 **(DL 9754)** All in high fidelity, directed by Franz Konwitschny, performed by the Saxon State Orch., Dresden, Germany.



DECCA® *Gold Label* RECORDS

a New World of Sound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIGH FIDELITY REDEFINED

By WILLIAM S. BACHMAN,
director of Engineering, Research, and Development, Columbia Records.

A TREMENDOUS amount of interest, enthusiasm, and activity is directed to the pursuit of high-fidelity music reproduction. Unfortunately, this much-used term has never been strictly defined, so it is not surprising that the results are, to put it mildly, quite diverse. It would seem to be desirable first to set down what we hope to achieve, and then see where high fidelity fits into the picture.

In general, the problem is to reproduce, in one place, sound which originates in another. This may take place concurrently as by radio, or subsequently as by recordings. It is justifiable to assume that the recording interposes only a time delay difference. Equipment available today, even at moderate expense, is capable of producing an electrical output which is practically indistinguishable from the electrical input signal originally recorded. Once the electrical chain, which includes the microphone, amplifiers, recorder, reproducer, and reproducing amplifier, is of adequate frequency range and sufficiently free from distortion and noise, reproduction of the electrical signal is completely under control. Once this level of performance is reached, further improvement in the elements of this chain will yield negligible improvement in results. In other words, they serve as slave units which, when perfect, can produce a result which exactly duplicates the original, and certainly cannot improve upon it.

The foregoing refers only to electrical signals. Microphones are available which, to a high degree of perfection, produce an electrical wave which is the same as the acoustic wave to which they are exposed. Also, loudspeakers are available which, to a somewhat inferior degree, produce a sound wave which is an excellent replica of the electrical wave which feeds them. It would seem, by simple logic, that connecting these elements to the above electrical chain would yield a complete and perfect system. Unfortunately, the problem is complicated by the acoustic conditions surrounding the microphone and the loudspeaker. These are major considerations, and have a far greater effect upon the results than do the other elements of the system.

About the nearest approach to the ideal that is realizable practically is the use of headphones. With two microphones connected to the respective headphones, the ears are subjected to a good replica of the sound field surrounding the microphones. This is far from satisfactory, however, because of the confining nature of headphones, and very few people would tolerate their physical limitations. If the headphones are replaced with loudspeakers, a new problem arises. Even assuming that the loudspeakers produce a sound field in their immediate vicinity which is an accurate duplication of the field surrounding the microphones, the original source will not be restored, for the speakers themselves become the source in the reproducing location. This problem can most nearly be solved by placing a microphone very near each individual source, and a respective loudspeaker in the same relative position in the reproducing area. This produces pretty spectacular results, but entails a large number of channels, and degenerates rapidly when the room in which the reproduction takes place is very different in size from that in which the sound originated.

When, as is certainly the case in serious orchestral recording, the room in which the reproduction takes place is much smaller than that of the origin, two extreme conditions may be assumed. One is to attempt to put the orchestra in the living room, and the other, in effect, to put the listener in the concert hall or studio. The former is absurd both from considerations of space and of sound volume. The latter seems to be a more reasonable approach, but is far from a perfect solution. First, the reproduced volume level must be scaled down to be consistent with the size of the room. Second, the reproduction should convey some impression of the size of the concert hall or studio. Reverberation seems to do this fairly well, but if the hall is highly absorbent (acoustically dead) this impression suffers. Third, a compromise in location of the microphone has to be made. The sound quality varies widely with position in the audience area, so it is difficult to say which is the optimum listening location. Even if there should be general agreement on this spot, it would not necessarily mean that it would be the best microphone location. In general, it is necessary to move the microphone somewhat closer to get definition and articulation, which are in part supplied by visual perception when present at the performance. There are many other factors which influence the result, practically all of which, with those above, are left to artistic judgment. There are few, if any, absolutes, a fact which becomes more apparent as greater experience is acquired. It is apparent that one cannot recreate the original performance of an orchestral concert in the confines of one's living room. If the reproduction produces a similar emotional or intellectual stimulation, it is still doing an excellent job, roughly paralleling the function of a good photograph or painting.

The contribution of high fidelity to the result is important, but by no means all inclusive. Equipment of the finest quality is helpless in producing a good result if the studio acoustics are unfavorable. Wide range equipment can even help to produce a grotesque result if microphones are placed to emphasize a particular part of the sound spectrum, producing a distorted balance. The best that high fidelity can do is to transmit objectively, with no exaggerations nor omissions. It would, therefore, seem that the type of sound which is commonly described as high fidelity gets its character more from good studio acoustics and intelligent artistic approach than from the frequency range, noise, and distortion criteria which describe the fidelity of the system.

Bachman: "grotesque results."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reviews

Continued from page 43

lenging sequence that begins with "An die Musik" and ends with "Wehmut" with "Tod und das Mädchen" "Seligkeit," "Im Abendrot" and "Nacht und Traüme" along the way, but also for the refinement and sensitivity with which she responds to the manifest requirements involved. It is also a mark of Miss West's artistic promise that she can confront on equal terms the lyric exaltation of "An die Musik," the probing introspection of "Tod und das Mädchen," and the lightness of "Fischerweise."

To sing fifteen great Schubert songs with equal effect on a single record is an objective for a lifetime, not an initial effort, and Miss West for all her gifts is not capable of the impossible. But the lapses are within such a narrow range of deviation that the collection has durable value. The Taubmann accompaniments are excellent, the recording first class.

No Fomp, Wrong Circumstance

NATIONAL ANTHEMS: *"Star Spangled Banner," "La Brabançonne,"*

"O Canada," "God Save the Queen," etc. Folkways FP 88-1, $4.98.

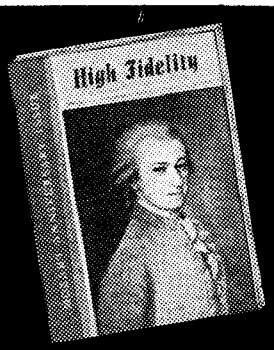
THE RESPONSE to a query in the last RECORDINGS [*SR* Nov. 26] about national anthems brought so many collateral inquiries and also the information such a recording project had been initiated by Folkways that it seemed immediate investigation of the matter was in order. Accordingly, the disc of seventeen selections from fifteen countries (Canada and Great Britain are represented by two each) was auditioned, with the regretful conclusion that this is not what was wanted.

Credit for enterprise is owing to Michael J. Schwartzman, who undertook the research, and to Folkways (which titles this Volume I, suggesting others to come) for following through on it, but the sound is too much what might have been anticipated: poor sounding, for the most part, "dubs" from what sound mostly to be shellac originals, little uniformity in the treatment, and, generally speaking, too little suggestion of the importance the anthems have for the peoples of the world.

The "Star Spangled Banner" which leads off is the best-sounding of the collection, but "God Save the Queen" is a considerable distance from the same music as it sounded from the Scots Guard Band in Madison Square Garden, those from Czechoslovakia, Israel, and Germany likewise inferior.

So we revert to our suggestion that this is properly a project for some agency of the United Nations, to be undertaken as a field assignment by a competent team of recording engineers, working under prescribed conditions of uniformity in technical procedures, etc. The proposed use of this disc for class-room "educational" purposes will dull rather than stimulate the interest of young people in music generally. "La Marseillaise" should sound at least as good as Spike Jones.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



You can have FREE a copy of this Mozart issue—which runs over 160 pages. Just fill in and mail the handy coupon. Absolutely no risk!

Whether you own a hi-fi system or not, you'll enjoy HIGH FIDELITY for its outstanding coverage of records and sound equipment... music, composers and performers.

Supply of free copies of the Mozart issue limited—

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

FREE

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR YOUR LIBRARY
THE SPECIAL ALL-MOZART ISSUE OF

High Fidelity *The Magazine for Music Listeners*

In commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of the birth of Mozart, the January issue of HIGH FIDELITY will be devoted to this great and beloved composer.

FEATURES INCLUDE:
"An Interview with Sir Thomas Beecham"
"The Miracle of Mozart", by Sacheverell Sitwell
"Mozart on Records", a Selective Guide, by C. G. Burke
"W.A.M., Audiophile?", by R. D. Darrell
"Portraits of a Genius", by Otto Erich Deutsch
"The Mozart Year in Europe"

PLUS *many other exciting articles and*

A SIXTEEN-PAGE PICTORIAL ESSAY OF MOZART AND HIS VIENNA.

High Fidelity 2136 Publishing House • Great Barrington, Mass.

Please send me a FREE copy of the Mozart issue of HIGH FIDELITY and bill me for a subscription to start with the following issue.

☐ 3 years $13.50 *(36 issues)*
☐ 2 years $10.00 *(24 issues)*
☐ 1 year $6.00 *(12 issues)*

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
ZONE_____ STATE_____

Add $1 per year for subscription outside the U. S. and Canada.
NO RISK GUARANTEE. If my free copy does not live up to expectations, I may cancel my subscription and pay nothing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trends in Components

By VICTOR BROCINER, *president of the Brociner Electronics Corp.*

THE sale of separate high-fidelity components shows every sign of continuing to increase at a good pace in 1956. We have a healthy industry, steadily refining the performance of its product. The public for high fidelity is still obviously growing, after reaching dimensions that nobody would have believed eight or ten years ago. It is definitely a more knowing public, turning its back on the exaggerated, spectacular "super-fidelity" that caused a splash a few years ago, in favor of reproduction that is more faithful to music. So optimism is rightly our basic mood. Acknowledging this fully, I would like to register a few minor complaints, be the devil's advocate in a matter or two.

First, can we develop a more uniform and fair practice for supplying the buyer with the service he needs when high-fidelity units are, or become, defective? It is a highly inconvenient and time-wasting method to return a unit to the manufacturer for routine servicing. If there is a manufacturing defect, naturally the manufacturer will normally want to make it good.

What happens too often, however, is that when a system begins to perform badly in the home the owner pulls out one component, say the amplifier, and sends it to the manufacturer with the information that it seems to be defective. The manufacturer, by running his test procedure, determines that it is in good order, and sends it back to the owner with this information. If everyone is lucky, at this point the owner calls in a competent serviceman to determine which unit in the system is out of order, and to repair, replace, or send it to the manufacturer for reconditioning, whichever is appropriate. But the owner has already wasted a lot of his own time and that of the manufacturer of the amplifier.

Many audio shops supply highly valuable services when systems are purchased, preparing interunit cables, testing units to make sure they work properly, etc. But you should not expect a shop from which you buy equipment to carry on, at no charge, with routine servicing, after your system has been in operation for a reasonable period. Continuing service *is* often available in the audio shops, at reasonable cost. It is a good idea to check on both the initial and continuing services offered, when you go to buy hi-fi units.

One of the major trends in component design I find strangely at variance with basic developments in the industry. Today we have the record manufacturers pretty well agreed on manufacturing methods that will make their product perform properly with a uniform playback equalization curve. We have a large public coming in to hi-fi which is less interested in the hobbyist side of hi-fi than in getting music into the living room. It would seem that a trend toward simplicity in control systems is not only logical but would be popular. But the actual trend is toward more knobs and special features instead of fewer. Are buyers really in favor of more complex hi-fi units? Or is it

Lauritz Melchior
Comments on Diamond Phonograph Needles
"The extraordinary subtle nuances of the human voice are convincingly reproduced with the best stylus available — the diamond needle."
Be sure your phonograph is equipped with a DIAMOND stylus
PLAY SAFE PLAY DIAMOND
TETRAD
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND STYLI
For further information write to: Dept.SR2 62 St. Mary St., Yonkers, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that you people who would welcome a move toward simplicity are not ordinarily found in hi-fi shops, listening to A-B tests of the latest audio units? [EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are still, of course, many records which predate current standard practices, for which compensation is needed.*]

I think you should be aware that some of the control functions and special features now supplied on some systems are approaching the point of excessive refinement. These are not necessarily bad features: they often do add real flexibility to a system. An analogy may make their character clear. Suppose you were offered, for your car: (1) a control on the dash for the low-speed jet of the carburetor; (2) a button on the dash to adjust the stiffness of the shock-absorbers (actually supplied on some luxury cars a few years ago); (3) a control on the power steering which allowed you to set the amount of power applied anywhere between zero and its top value. You might well agree that these were all good things to have, but decide that the extra cost, the complication of using them, and the extra chance of something going wrong made them, on balance, undesirable. Of course, on an audio control unit, as on a car, a certain minimum of controls is necessary. The rising popularity of magnetic tape equipment in hi-fi systems has naturally added to the number of controls that the listener needs for basic flexibility.

Another matter for comment is the public reaction to the physical size of amplifiers. A number of amplifier manufacturers, ourselves included, have taken advantage of the latest components and techniques and put a great deal of design effort into producing amplifiers that are a fraction of the size and weight of those of similar quality available a few years ago. The idea is that, if a buyer is offered two amplifiers of similar quality, and one is about a half or a third as big and heavy as the other, the buyer will choose the smaller one. It will be much easier to transport and install.

The response to the compact amplifiers has been excellent, but I do too often sense a feeling on the part of hi-fi enthusiasts that a big amplifier is by that token a better one. Do buyers really believe this? It is, of course, much easier to design and build a big amplifier than a very compact one, for roughly equal power and quality levels. However, I am sure that the manufacturers who have produced compact amplifiers are not going to relax their efforts in this direction. The idea has too much logic behind it.

I want to end with an observation that has not had much attention. The higher production rates of the last year have allowed many manufacturers to cut their costs, and this reduction has reached the consumer in the form of lower prices, or more often, in the form of higher quality at the same price. This welcome trend should continue.

FREE ANY 3.98 long playing RECORD of your choice

You may choose from any of these famous labels
RCA VICTOR
COLUMBIA · DECCA
LONDON · ANGEL
in fact any label
select 3 records— and pay only for 2

you select your own records through the RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB

you alone determine your taste in music

for the world's greatest recordings

ACT NOW!

ACCEPT THIS AMAZING OFFER! LEARN ABOUT THE RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB'S PROFIT SHARING PLAN

THE RECORD DIVIDEND CLUB OF AMERICA was formed to bring music lovers everywhere the world's finest recordings on a unique dividend participating basis. The RDA does not predetermine your taste in music, but makes available to you the recordings from the complete catalogs of all *Major* and *Independent Labels* . . . Place your trial membership order now . . . pay for 2 records—($3.98 list price or over) and receive one $3.98 dividend record absolutely FREE. At the same time we will send you a brochure explaining in detail the conditions, advantages and money saving functions of the RDA.

THIS DISTINGUISHED RECORD CLUB BRINGS YOU A WEALTH OF DIVIDENDS—IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO JOIN!

RDA Dividend #1 many FREE records earned throughout the year
Every long playing record purchased through the RDA plan is credited to your share of the club's earnings. The more records you buy the more dividend records you will receive FREE.

RDA Dividend #2 FREE catalog every month
Each month the club will send you FREE a complete catalog of long playing records, which will include the latest releases.

RDA Dividend #3 planned for perfectionists
Music lovers will appreciate that every record shipped is carefully inspected and guaranteed factory fresh. Since club operates only through mail, you are assured that you are the first to play the records you receive.

RDA Dividend #4 FREE protective covers
All records are shipped with a polyethylene envelope . . . One that can be used as a permanent protector for your precious disks.

EXTRA BONUS 1 year FREE subscription to HI-FI MUSIC AT HOME No. 1 magazine for record reviews

Record Dividend club of America Inc.
135 Broadway, Dept. T, New York 6, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a trial member of the RDA. I am to receive FREE with my first two selections (at $3.98 or more each) one DIVIDEND record (list price $3.98). In addition I am to receive FREE a long playing record catalog. It is understood that I have the privilege of cancelling my membership after this initial order. If I decide to remain a member I will be entitled to all the advantages the RDA offers, plus a year's subscription to HI-FI MUSIC AT HOME. I agree to pay the nominal charge of 25¢ for each record to cover the cost of shipping.

1st selection _____ $_____ *plus 25¢ shipping*
2nd selection _____ $_____ *plus 25¢ shipping*
Dividend selection _____ *FREE (pay only) 25¢ shipping*

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____
Enclosed find Check or Money Order for $_____ to cover cost and shipping.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

January

is quite a month on Columbia Records! To begin with, there's an album devoted to BACH's **Goldberg Variations** performed by the sensational young Canadian pianist **Glenn Gould** (ML 5060).

For fans of Papa Haydn, **Bruno Walter** leads the **Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York** in performances of two late compositions, **Symphonies No. 96** in D Major ("Miracle") and **No. 102** in B-Flat Major (ML 5059).

Mozart Bicentennial Commemorative Issues include four **Early Quartets** full of wit and youthful song, played by the **New Music Quartet** (ML 5003). And the **Budapest String Quartet** completes its fabulous Mozart cycle with impeccable performances of **The Last Quartets** (SL-228).

There's a double helping of Tchaikovsky. His **Fifth Symphony** is performed by **Mitropoulos** (ML 5075) and the **Philharmonic-Symphony of New York,** his **Fourth** by the fabulous **Philadelphia Orchestra** (ML 5074).

You can take a gorgeous hi-fi tour of Naples with **Songs from the Bay of Naples** played by the **Columbia Symphony Orchestra** under **Efrem Kurtz** (CL 773).

And in an album called **Lily Pons Gala** you'll hear eleven famous arias and songs sung by the famous coloratura (ML 5073).

Why not hear them at your dealers today? You'll probably find yourself spending January listening to

Columbia Records

® "Columbia" ℗ T. M.

The Future of Pre-Recorded Tape

By C. W. SMILEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *C. W. Smiley, president of Livingston Electronics, presents a view of 1956 from the point of view of a maker of recorded tapes.*

THE makers of recorded tapes have beating on them the white light of the public's expectations about the quality of magnetic tape recording. The word has gone around in the last few years that tape can mean high quality. This is, I know, the simple truth, but we must produce that quality if we are to win a large public. Our progress in the last few months makes me feel surer than ever that we are succeeding. I believe that tape will establish itself in 1956 as the home reproduction system of deluxe quality, carrying high fidelity to a new area of higher fidelity. Tape will not for an indefinite period "displace" disc recording, which will reach new levels of refinement in its own terms.

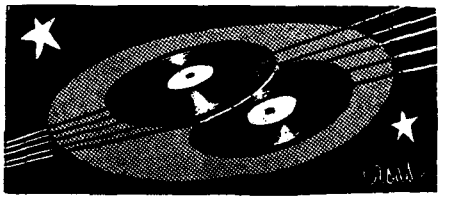
This prediction is not just a hope based on slow growth-trends. We are at a definite turning point in tape. The sales of my own firm, after several years of excellent growth, last fall took a very sharp upturn. We are scrambling to keep up with a several-hundred-percent increase in business. Sharply increasing business is general throughout our admittedly still small industry. Cost has been an important factor in determining the acceptance of tape, and admittedly the first cost of tape is higher. Under such arrangements as our club plan, tape is now available through local dealers for little more than the equivalent disc recording. Probably the most drastic price reductions have already occurred. We believe that further reductions depend on the spread of subscription plans, such as our club plan and others, which are based on dealer-manufacturer cooperation.

We are putting our major effort into building up our library of stereophonic tapes, because we feel that stereo reproduction will be the most important element for introducing tape into the homes of music-lovers who want top quality. As everyone knows, stereo adds roundness, depth, a higher sense of reality to reproduced sound. It allows the listener to follow the motion of the music from one section of the orchestra to another. It also turns out, at least in our experience, that stereo is less critical as to the characteristics of the area in which the recording is done. We can make top-notch recordings in locations that are very poor for monaural recording.

Naturally, the establishment of tape depends on the appearance in thousands of living rooms of machines suitable for playing it. Here again a turning point has been reached. The "tape deck" or "tape phonograph," corresponding functionally to the record changer as an element of high-fidelity systems, and capable of playing stereophonic tapes, has in the last few months become a prominent item on the hi-fi market. Plans of manufacturers indicate that it will soon be even more so. The response to the Ampex Model 612, in the high-price bracket, indicates that a strong market exists for these playback units. A number of manufacturers have introduced units, at several price levels—Berlant, Magnecord, Viking, V-M, and others.

All this makes me believe that stereo tape will soon have an effect in some respects similar to that of the LP record after its introduction in 1948. Everybody gained from the LP—record manufacturer, equipment manufacturer, consumer—as standards were raised all along the line. Stereo tape may not, of course, achieve anything like the mass sale of the LP, at least for some time. It will exist alongside the disc record, as noted above, but it is sure to influence everyone's notions of what constitutes high fidelity.

Tape is physically a permanent medium, and it is therefore properly used for "permanent" music, the larger selections from the repertory of serious music that people will want to be hearing for a generation or more. In its present form it is obviously less convenient as the medium for shorter "pop" tunes and other entertainment music of relatively short public interest. This difference reinforces the idea that stereo tape will win its place primarily as the "de luxe" medium, at least in the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

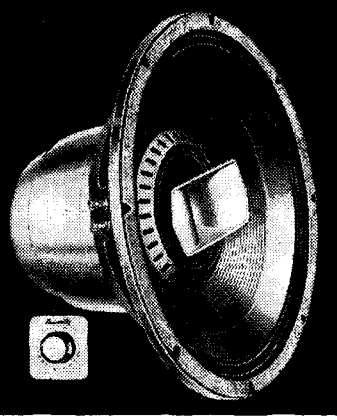
beginning. We have noticed a shift in the approach of people buying our tapes which also backs up this analysis. Today's buyer is neither the fanatical hi-fi hobbyist, listening only to cymbal crashes and the breaking of glass windows, nor is he a music-lover who refuses to get involved in any consideration of the technical side of reproduction. He is very much in between, learning rapidly about technical problems, but primarily interested in hearing music superbly reproduced. He wants the sound coming out of his speaker to be music, and not some caricature thereof, no matter how startling. I believe that stereo tape, with its high degree of realism, is bound to benefit from this demand for truly realistic reproduction.

THE attention to proper alignment of the playback head, that is, to getting the playback gap exactly at right angles to the tape, using test tapes made for the purpose, has eliminated a source of dissatisfaction with tape performance. When our tapes first began to be distributed, we got strongly unfavorable reactions from, say, about one buyer in ten. We discovered that in nearly every such case the playback head in use was out of alignment. This would not be evident with tapes made and played on the same machine, because the signals recorded would have the same misalignment. Widespread correction of this situation has caused our "rejects" to drop to a very low percentage.

The problem of standardizing the equalization on tapes, so that all tapes will have the proper frequency balance no matter what machine they are played on, is coming under control with increasing acceptance throughout the industry of the Ampex, or NARTB curve. The reduction in the dimensions of the playback head gap, which is one of the principal factors of high-frequency performance, has allowed us to get top quality at slower and slower tape speeds. The gap has come down in about three years from one mil (one one-thousandth of an inch) to one tenth of a mil. I believe that in a year or so we will get the same quality at 3¾ inches per second of tape speed that we now get at 7½ inches per second. This of course, means doubling the playing time of a reel of tape.

To summarize my bird's-eye view of 1956, I think recorded tape, and particularly stereo tape, will make a graceful entrance into the "top quality" reproduction bracket, without any rude shouldering of the company already in the room. I think everyone stands to gain if it does.

HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK *this Speaker* IS WORTH?



NOT AN 8" OR 12" BUT A 15" TRIAXIAL—*UNIVERSITY'S NEW, AMAZING 6303!*

Do you dream of owning a triaxial?... Are they all too expensive for you? Your dream's come true... at a price you can afford. University has perfected a triaxial masterpiece at a price that will take your breath away!

Here's the story behind the 6303: University's first Triaxial (the Super 315) was an immediate sensation. It was (and is) the finest of its kind, though beyond the reach of many. Thanks to the skill gained in perfecting triaxials, we've designed a new speaker having many of the outstanding engineering features of our original triaxial, but—priced so low that *NOW* everyone can afford one. *SUCH* a speaker is the 6303.

Here's the proposition: Ask to hear it at your favorite dealer. Listen to its magnificent concert-hall realism... to the rich sonorous base, augmented with full bodied mid-range and brilliant super-highs. Admire its superb construction.

NOW... in your mind, think of a price you feel this wonderful speaker is worth. *THEN*... when you hear the actual price ...you will be delightfully surprised.

For the speaker of your dreams—see and hear the 6303 NOW!

University LOUDSPEAKERS, INC., 80 So. Kensico Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

REALISM

the ultimate goal of the Music Lover

... perfection of detail that re-creates the personality of every instrument...

the sweetness and warmth of the strings, the "bite" of the reed, the gossamer accents of the triangle, the metallic blast of the brasses and throbbing impacts of the bass drum...

all faithful in balance and definition, from a whispered solo to crescendo for full orchestra.

A fine music system achieves the highest realism with

BOZAK LOUDSPEAKERS

Write today for Literature

The R. T. BOZAK SALES Co.

BOX 966R • DARIEN • CONNECTICUT

...this is the

GARRARD

The World's Finest Record Changer

SINCE 1935,

sold and serviced throughout the United States... recognized everywhere for superior performance, ruggedness, reliability.

Check craftsmanship, features, price and service... and you will understand clearly why this is the world's No. 1 high fidelity changer.

A quality Endorsed Product of the British Industries Group. Mail coupon today for a copy of the B.I.C. "High Fidelity Plan Book"... an aid to you in planning *your* hi-fi system.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION
Dept. SR-125
Port Washington, New York
Gentlemen:
Please send a complimentary copy of B.I.C. "High Fidelity Plan Book" to:
Name.....
Street.....
City.....Zone....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have You Tried

irish
BRAND
FERRO-SHEEN PROCESS RECORDING TAPE

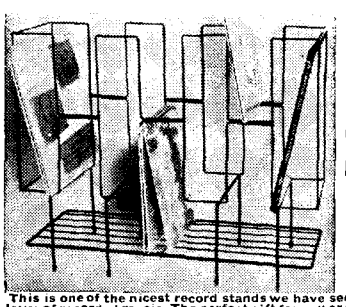
You'll discover that its super-smooth surface gives you

- **REDUCED HEAD WEAR**
- **EXTENDED FREQUENCY RANGE**
- **VIRTUALLY NO 'DROP-OUTS' or 'PRINT-THROUGH'**

irish
FERRO-SHEEN
SHAMROCK
the ultimate in premium, professional tape. Comes with 5' Mylar leader in dust-proof polyethylene bag.

1200' . . . . . on 7" Reel

At Your Favorite Sound Dealer or Write to:
ORRADIO INDUSTRIES, INC.
World's Largest Exclusive Magnetic Tape Manufacturer
Opelika 8, Alabama



♪ **YOUR MUSIC GIFT!** ♪

This is one of the nicest record stands we have seen, for every lover of recorded music. The perfect gift for you or your musical friends! 10 handy compartments hold 200 long-play records or either size, also 78 rpm albums. Sturdy black wrought iron with rubber tips. 25"x22"x10". Shipped completely assembled express collect. You can't possibly buy one in stores as they're sold only by mail with our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Please remit with order. Ask about our 45 rpm Record & Tape Rack too! **$9.95**
LESLIE CREATIONS, Box 9516, Dept. 207I, Phila. 49, Pa.

HEAR AND **SEE** FOR YOURSELF
No "monitoring" in these handy, *original text pocket scores*
Only **98¢** per volume

BACH: Easter Oratorio
The Motets (complete in 2 vols.)
The Art of Fugue
HANDEL: All Violin, Oboe, Flute Sonatas
Concerti Grossi, Op. 3
12 Concerti Grossi, Op. 6 (2 vols.)
BEETHOVEN: Lieder (Ferne Geliebte, a.o.)
Complete 17 String Quartets (4 vols.)

& many others ● For complete catalog, ask your dealer or write

LEA POCKET SCORES Dept. A, Box 138 Audubon Sta. NewYork32, N.Y.

This Month's Mozart—V

PLEASURE tinged with regret are the emotions aroused this month with the appearance of **"Le Nozze di Figaro"** conducted by Erich Kleiber, played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and sung by a highly-qualified cast (London X LLA-35). No one could listen to this elegantly-cast, vigorously-directed and beautifully-engineered set without pleasure, but there is regret nevertheless that it puts in the category of historic documents the long admired one of Fritz Busch and his Glyndebourne personnel (RCA Victor LCT 6001). The incomplete affair directed by Herbert von Karajan (Columbia SL 114) was never more than an interim diversion, and its eclipse need not be deplored.

However, where "Figaro" conductors of record are concerned, Kleiber is plainly not merely the most knowing but also the most incisive (likewise the most demanding). From the first forthright measures of the overture this is a "Figaro" with blood in its veins and music on its mind. Moreover, unless I read wrongly the fastidious exactness of the execution throughout—not merely in delivery of the musical text but also in justice to the musical detail—this is a conception over which Kleiber labored long and profitably, with the full (if expensive) collaboration of all concerned.

The evidence of this is conveyed by the simple fact that, familiar as the various performers are, all perform in a manner several degrees above the best heard from them previously. Thus, Cesare Siepi has never been so good a Figaro at the Metropolitan, nor Hilde Gueden quite so polished a Susanna, or Lisa della Casa so touching a Countess. Lest this seem merely a reflection on the theatre nearest at hand, the same is true of the Almaviva previously heard from Alfred Poell in Glyndebourne. As for Suzanne Danco, she makes a surprisingly suitable Cherubino. Fernando Corena as Dr. Bartolo, Murray Dickie as Don Basillio, and Anny Felbermayer as Barbarina are quite as good as one would, on various counts, expect them to be.

Rather than dwelling on the accomplishments of individual singers—rather invidious where all are so close to the most that could be reasonably expected of them—it might be a more useful service to direct attention to the sweetest singer of them all, the Vienna Philharmonic. They respond to a man to the incisive pace set by Kleiber in the overture, and are as much a part of the total effect thereafter as any member of the cast. As for Kleiber himself, this "Figaro" is a testimony to knowledge, skill, and sound judgment which should cause him to give thanks daily for the opportunity afforded him, and the magnificent way in which London's technicians made it as palpable, permanently, as at the time it happened. A piano score is included with the issue, thus providing all the supporting eye-evidence to the foregoing opinions that one could desire. If we can't have Toscanini in this *Festjahre*, let us be grateful at least that we have Kleiber.

ALSO at hand is a **"Magic Flute"** from London (X LLA 33) which is as disappointing as the "Marriage" is gratifying. Needless to say, the engineering is of high standard and the Vienna Philharmonic again participates, but the conductor is Karl Böhm, and the crowning indignity is that this is merely a concert version, omitting all the spoken dialogue. Whereas that dialogue is something of a trial in "Die Entführung" it is certainly an indispensable part of the "Flute," and no excuses can compensate for its absence.

In the circumstances, discussion of individual performers is somewhat pointless, save to say that Mr. Mozart Tenor himself, Leopold Simoneau, is again outstanding, as he is in the Angel "Cosi" and the London "Don Giovanni." Hilde Gueden is, of course, an accomplished Pamina, Emmy Loose a sweet-sounding Papagena, and Kurt Böhme a deep-voiced Sarastro. However, Walter Berry lacks the first and indispensable attribute of Papageno, gaiety and charm, Wilma Lipp runs the course of the Queen of the Night creditably when she is taking the hurdles of coloratura, but is weak on the flat, so to speak, and Böhm is calmly methodical about the whole problem, nothing more. Certainly it is no match for the Beecham, with its Berger-Roswaenge-Hüsch-Lemnitz-Strienz line-up. However, there is still a Deutsche Grammophon "Magic Flute" on the way, so we may still hope. —I. K.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMEN CORNER

Let Brubeck Beware!

THE IVY League has been heard from, presenting some of the best college jazz I can recall, and it is plain that there will be plenty of opportunity for doctrinal uproar. The unending feud between Yale and Princeton may now be carried on in the field of jazz theory, with two LPs coming, respectively, from the shadows of Harkness Tower and Nassau Hall. Eli's Chosen Six is a Dixieland combination of breeze and skill, offering such standbys as "Muskrat Ramble," "Wolverine Blues" and "Ugly Chile," and staffed by Dick Voigt, piano; Lee Lorenz, trumpet; Roz Rudd, trombone; Pete Williams, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Bobby Morgan, bass; and Lyman Drake, drums (Columbia CL 736). The boys show familiar undergraduate preference for the rambunctious, sockdologing mood—there are few lazy strains such as constitute one of the chief charms of vintage New Orleans music—but they play with an assurance and an ensemble sympathy that any band might envy.

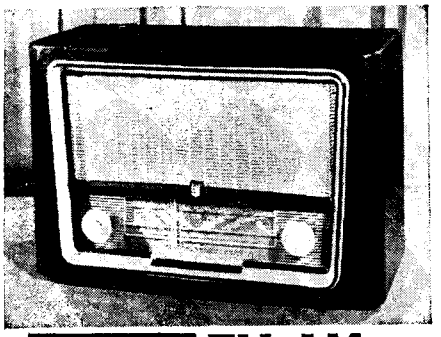
Ultra-modernism is the word for Johnny Eaton and His Princetonians, and warning may now be served on Dave Brubeck, the Modern Jazz Quartet and other established groups of the newer persuasions. Eaton is a pianist-composer of no mean musical learning, and his quartet of assistants are vibraphonist Dick Lincoln, erstwhile of the Boston Conservatory; bassist Eddie White; drummer Alan Bergman; and flautist John Solum, a pupil of William Kincaid, the eminent first flute of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Eaton has a merry prose style and can describe his work as follows: "*Flute Cake* . . . has a bit of the rococo spirit—when war was an upper-class sport, when Rousseau enticed countesses to milk cows (with their gloves on) and when Figaro and Suzanne poked fun at a decadent (but since much missed) aristocracy." And of another effort: "A curious thing happened on my solo chorus. I swing into another sort of exotic, oriental flavor—a Persian double harmonic scale over open fifths in the bass. It's funny, the ideas that come to one while improvising. I still don't know quite how I came to play this." Eaton obviously knows very well what he is doing most of the time, whether in his composed passages or his improvised counterpoint with the vibraphone, his rhythm numbers such as the whole-tone blues "Wholly G" or his lovely ballad treatments of "My Funny Valentine," "All The Things You Are" and "The Nearness of You." Here and there objections may be made on the score of precocity and rhythmic weakness (Ellington: "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing"), but the Princetonians are chamber jazzmen of rare and sensitive talent (Columbia CL 737).

A solidly built novelty of the month is an LP containing twelve different versions of George Shearing's modern jazz classic "Lullaby of Birdland." The immediately surprising thing about the record is the way the tune stands up under such repetition. But even those who are not as fond of the air as I am are likely to enjoy the galaxy of talents and the variety of approaches to the theme. The big band arrangements are by Nat Pierce, Pete Candoli, Billy Byers, Billy May, Shorty Rogers, Ernie Wilkins and Quincy Jones; the small band scores are by Tony Scott, Manny Albam and Al Cohn, and there are piano performances by Pete Jolly and Barbara Carroll with their rhythm sections. Tony Scott's contribution is a delicious contrapuntal business which sounds strikingly eighteenth century until it moves rhythmically into the twentieth. Charlie Barnet's playing of the Billy May arrangement has a special swinging elegance.

Back again this month (Decca DL-8176) is Bennie Green, a modern trombonist who still loves his glissandos in a day when many of his rivals seem to regard forthright slipperiness as a sin. Green does beautifully in music varying from "Rhumblues" (the title is self-explanatory) to "People Will Say We're In Love." His assistants include tenor saxophonist Frank Wess from the Count Basie band, and the insidious Candido on the bongos and conga drum. On the other side of the disc is a program of the coolly impeccable tenor saxophone playing of Paul Quinichette—the coolness is that of ease rather than refrigeration. Another modern patrician is the alto and tenor saxophonist James Moody, whose sturdy, danceable small band stems from the Dizzy Gillespie group of yesteryear. Moody's album (Prestige LP 7011) is pulsing and lyrical by turns, and there is a droll vocal chorus by Eddie Jefferson based on one of the alto saxophone solos of the late Charles "Yardbird" Parker. It is caviar.

—WILDER HOBSON.

A "fine music" Import
from Philips of the Netherlands



Norelco FM-AM SHORT WAVE
TABLE MODEL RADIO
for only $98.50

An excellent instrument with these outstanding features: Marvelous tone quality • Built-in dipole for FM and Short Wave • Double tone control; continuous for high notes and two positions for low notes • Phono-jack for record player • Connection for extra speaker • Becomes a fine high-fidelity table model combination with the addition of a Philips automatic record changer (changer $69.50 additional). Come in and ask for a demonstration or write for a free brochure.

LIBERTY Music Shops
MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 76th St. • Madison Ave. at 67th St,
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

A Precision Instrument for
BOTH Manual and Automatic
Reproduction of ALL Records!

MIRACORD XA-100
with PUSHBUTTON CONTROL
and the "MAGIC WAND" SPINDLE

PERFECTION

TWO in ONE!
(1) Pushbutton Automatic Changer
(2) Pushbutton Manual Player

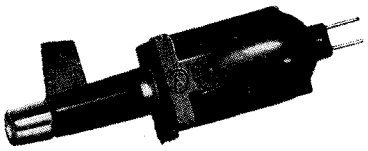
No Other Changer Like It! Unique "MAGIC WAND" Spindle changes records with gentle care—no pusher arms, no stabilizing plates! INTERMIXES 10" and 12" records. Exclusive PAUSAMATIC permits 5 second to 5½ minute interval between records. HEAVY-DUTY 4-POLE MOTOR. No wows, no rumble. Compact size, decorator styled. SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY MIRACORD IS AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR 3-SPEED RECORD CHANGER!

At All High Fidelity Dealers

AUDIOGERSH CORP., 23 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Please send MIRACORD literature
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first really new pickup in a decade...



The Fluxvalve

The only pickup with all the required features for the new era in record playing . . . a turnover cartridge with styli that can be replaced without the use of tools.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the *Fluxvalve* . . . it's the cartridge made by perfectionists for perfectionists.

"FOR THOSE WHO CAN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE"

PICKERING & CO., INC.
OCEANSIDE, NEW YORK
PIONEERS IN HI FIDELITY

Fitting Protection FOR YOUR HI-FI DISCS!

Walco Contoured Bottom

DISCOVERS

- Protects Records from Dust, Scratches, Finger Marks, etc.
- Slips Inside Original Jacket
- "Dresses Up" Discs

Because good hi-fi sound begins with a *clean record*, Walco — famous for STATI CLEAN Anti-Static Record Spray—has developed the new DISCOVER protective sleeve for records. Made of soft pliable polyethylene with an exclusive *contoured bottom*, DISCOVERS are "fitting protection" in more ways than one! Give *all* your records this low-cost protection. *Write for free sample.*

Walco PRODUCTS, INC.
60-S Franklin St. East Orange, N. J.

AT LEADING MUSIC DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The small size of the Villchur acoustic suspension speaker system - 14"x11⅜"x25" - is associated with a major advance in speaker design rather than a compromise with quality. Literature available from:
ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC.
23 Mt. Auburn St.
Cambridge 38, Mass.
Dept. S

AR-1

"Ariadne" and "Turandot"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

HERE ARE two operas composed during this century by renowned and successful composers. Neither is heard often in the United States. Both contain characters derived directly from the improvising "masks" of the *commedia dell'arte;* both have been recorded well and textually complete. They are the Hugo von Hofmannsthal-Richard Strauss "Ariadne auf Naxos" (1916 revised version) in an Angel recording (3532 C, $15.98) and the Giuseppe Adami-Renato Simoni-Giacomo Puccini "Turandot" (1926, completed by Franco Alfano after Puccini's death) in a London set (XLLA-36, $14.94).

The recording process, and this recording in particular, brilliantly serve "Ariadne auf Naxos," a chamber opera calling for an orchestra of thirty-six players ("Elektra" asks for more than three times that number), for the intimacy of a small theatre, for little stage action beyond some romping—and for no chorus. Herbert von Karajan conducts wittily and with force, differentiating expertly the *opera seria* music of the heroine from the *opera buffa* music of Zerbinetta and her companions. In the "Vorspiel," Irmgard Seefried as The Composer, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as The Prima Donna, and Rita Streich as Zerbinetta are just right. All the minor roles, both spoken and sung, are delivered by experts familiar with the manner.

In the body of the opera itself—that odd reversion to the pre-Mozartian way of interlarding *opera seria* with *buffa* intermezzos (Strauss, of course, having produced an emulsion rather than a *pousse-café*)—Rudolf Schock is convincingly godlike as Bacchus. But Hofmannsthal and Strauss focused chief attention on Ariadne and Zerbinetta; indeed, Strauss came close to making this a Zerbinetta opera. And Elisabeth Schwarzkopf must be the finest practising singer of this music: she invests Ariadne's static role with so much musical beauty while intensifying the stasis that it is as though a classic statue should begin to sing. As Zerbinetta, Rita Streich has the plum, the wonderful obstacle course aria beginning "Grossmächtige Prinzessin." She produces its skittering, devilish coloratura as though this were her ordinary speech, making naturalness and ease more exciting than any whipped-up excitement could be. As the four "masks," Hermann Prey (Arlecchino), Gerhard Unger (Scaramuccio), Fritz Ollendorff (Truffaldino), and Helmut Krebs (Brighella) strike up almost enough amorous humor to make us forget how uncomfortably close Strauss drives them to barbershop harmony. Echo, The Naiad, and the Dryad (respectively Anny Felbermayer, Lisa Otto, and Grace Hoffman) keep within the frame. Leaving aside some inevitable doubts about the score itself, I should call this recording an unadulterated success.

"TURANDOT," on the other hand, is very grand opera. It must have scenery and costumes, courtiers and hubbub spread across a large stage. I saw it thus in Rome in 1954, presented in hot blood and full cry, and it easily absorbed the ten thousand spectators in the Terme di Caracalla, the huge crowds on the stage, and even the stentorian voice of Giacomo Lauri-Volpi. The new recording is, however, far and away the best recorded approximation to date of a real live "Turandot." Alberto Erede conducts. Knowing what they are about, the Chorus and Orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia of Rome prove that Italians singing Puccini are not Chinese, but can vastly entertain both themselves and us while *pretending* to be Chinese. Inge Borkh sings accurately the terrifyingly high lines assigned to the icy Turandot, but does not make all of them beautiful. As the child Liù, Renata Tebaldi, in excellent voice, sounds far too mature. Mario del Monaco gives his very impressive Italianate best as Calaf. The three "masks"—whom Puccini unfortunately permitted to overstay their welcome—are alternately jaunty, nostalgic, and bloodthirsty as incarnated by Fernando Corena (Ping), Renato Ercolani (Pong), and Mario Carlin (Pang); minor roles are projected by Ezio Giordano (A Mandarin), Nicola Zaccaria (Timur), and Gaetano Fanelli (The Emperor Altoum). All is in good order, but "Turandot" invisible is less than half itself. It is time now for the Metropolitan Opera, at which it was last sung in 1930, to allow its present-day audience the opportunity to see this eye-filling spectacle and to hear what is musically the most interesting and adventurous of Puccini's scores.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

RCA UNFAIR TO MONTEUX?

WHY IS PIERRE Monteux given such petty recording assignments? We deserve to have a representative sample of this great man's modern recordings before he really retires. Let's start off with a new recording of "Rite of Spring" as only Monteux can do it. From there on have him record the big works for which he is renowned. RCA Victor is not treating Pierre Monteux fairly!

ROBERT STARRETT.

Astoria, N.Y.

READY CUSTOMER

THIS IS TO inform RCA Victor and any others concerned that there is at least one eager customer for at least three of the items recently mentioned in *SR* columns. First, the wonderful records by Axsel Schiøtz. Also the Gerhard Hüsch records, available elsewhere in the world, and the Boulanger-Monteverdi album.

G. KLINGER.

Columbus, O.

SEIF AMENDED

IN "ALTA FIDELIDAD South of the Border" [*SR* Nov 26], Morton Seif wrote that he heard very little "typical Mexican music" at the audio fair in Mexico City, such as "*mariachis* like 'Las Mananitas Tapatias' or 'Las Bicicletas' of Gilberto Parro." The man's name is Parra, not Parro, and the word *mariachi* does not refer to a type of music but to an ensemble of strolling musicians. The typical *mariachi* is composed of two violins, a guitar, a *guitarron* (bass guitar), a *vihuela* (small guitar), and a trumpet. Seif also mentioned "rancheros like 'Siete Leguas' and 'Cu-Cu-Rru-Cu-Cu Paloma'." The correct word is "*rancheras*" (from *canciones rancheras*, or country songs). "Siete Leguas," which means "Seven Leagues" and was the name of Pancho Villa's favorite horse, is not a *ranchera* but a *corrido* or folk-ballad. Actually it was composed by Graciela Olmos, not the "folk," but it is in the true *corrido* tradition.

LYSANDER KEMP.

Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gracias.*

ANTHEMS ON THE WAY

RE THE LETTER of Alfred F. Ladendorff [*SR* Nov. 26] requesting information on recordings of national anthems: I believe that such a record is available or will soon be available.

JEAN H. KEELEY.

Yonkers, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Folkways is right on the spot* *(see page 51)*.

THANKS TO DECCA

DECCA RECORDS deserve a vote of thanks for their use of the polyethylene inner sleeve. Theirs are (with the occasional exception of Angel Records) the only ones which may be played upon receipt without first having to wash them. Most other records arrive from the factory sprinkled with dust.

I would like to suggest that dealers stock these round-bottomed polyethylene bags so that their customers may purchase them and extend the same protection to their other valuable LP records.

NORRIS M. DAVIDSON.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

TWO-BASS HIT?

AS A CHARTER member of the "wait and see" group regarding operatic recordings, I am interested in knowing whether London has any plans stirring to record "Don Carlo." Certainly London has in Cesare Siepi one of the greatest interpreters of King Philip, and in Jerome Hines an impressive Grand Inquisitor.

Both the Cetra and Victor set of this greatest of all Verdi operas has its good points, but I'd be willing to wait for London's version with Siepi and Hines.

MARIE PONZO.

Leonia, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So would we. London says it will do it when feasible.*

"FLUTE" WITHOUT WORDS

IT IS MOST infuriating to learn that London has just gone to considerable pains to record a new version of "The Magic Flute" and has resolutely perpetuated the error made by Columbia in their set. I can not understand why at least some of the dialogue could not have been included. To my mind the principal quality to be looked for in an operatic recording is a suggestion of theatrical performance. Perhaps the old Entre "Manon" is particularly low fidelity but its inclusion of dialogue and its genuine style makes it an all-time great. The London "Seraglio" and the Vox "Fidelio" are not as well sung perhaps, but their inclusion of a good bit of what one hears when one encounters these works in the theatre makes them exciting recordings in the same way.

EARL ANDERSON.

San Francisco, Calif.

TEBALDI'S AIDA

AT LAST a critic who dares to puncture the balloon of "greatness" that surrounds Renata Tebaldi! As an avid operagoer (sixty-nine times last year), I have endured Signorina Tebaldi's posturings many times, and have shuddered every time I read the glowing reviews obviously written by men blinded by her press releases. Granted that she has a beautiful voice . . . but her abominable interpretation of musical scores has done much to wipe away the fruits of the fifty-year crusade waged by a truly great musician —Arturo Toscanini.

The time has come, I feel, to put Signorina Tebaldi in proper perspective, and to realize that she needs more than a thrilling pianissimo to achieve greatness in the field of opera. Until Tebaldi grows enough in humility to admit that Verdi and Puccini knew what they were doing when they composed their operas, and allows herself to be disciplined by the score, she will continue to tax the patience of music-lovers who demand artistry in a singer.

BARBARA COLLINS.

New York, N.Y.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 40¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

GOLDEN AGE OPERATICS, cutout vocal, orchestral, music hall, imported European 78 and LP. Thousands of interesting records available on free monthly listings. Agents for ROCOCO records—reissues of historic importance. ROSS, COURT & CO., 121 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

HI-FI, factory fresh, guaranteed LP records. Prerecorded tape, phonographs, music systems at big savings. SOUTHWEST RECORD DISCOUNT CLUB, 1108 Winbern, Houston, Texas.

COMPREHENSIVE MONTHLY LISTS, including hundreds of unusual out-of-print and rare vocals, mailed on request. THE RECORD ALBUM, 208 West 80 St., NYC.

HI-FI SERVICE. The Audio Exchange Service Laboratory is responsible for the reliability of our used equipment. You may avail yourself of this expert service for maintenance and repair of your Hi-Fi equipment. THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, Dept. SR, 159-19 Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N. Y. OLympia 8-0445. AUDIO EXCHANGE EXCHANGES AUDIO.

For ADVANCED COLLECTORS, free listings, hundreds vocal operatic records. G & T's, Odeons, Pathes, Zonophones, Victor by GOLDEN AGE SINGERS. COLLECTORS' HAVEN, 1131 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER of Authentic Folk Music on Records. Write for free catalogue to: FOLKWAYS RECORDS, 117 West 46 St., NYC.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue R85, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

COLLECTORS: Have your name on my list of rare record catalogues, phonograph material. George Moran, Lodi, Wisconsin.

FREE OPERA RECORD. For details, write to Music Associates, Inc., 1650 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT TRUE Hi-Fi system in your home, but cannot do it yourself? Expert consultation and installation service by musician-technician in Metropolitan New York at reasonable fee. Phone Ken Shirai, UNiversity 5-5414 (NYC), mornings and evenings.

VOCALS, operatic-personality, sold. Collections bought. RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE (% D. Reichman), 530 East 88 St., Apt. 2F, NYC. REgent 7-7611.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New COMPLETE OPERAS

For THE MOZART YEAR-
Three Operatic Masterpieces

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO

Figaro ..... *Cesare Siepi*
Susanno ..... *Hilde Gueden*
Contessa ..... *Lisa Della Casa*
Almaviva ..... *Alfred Poell*
Cherubino ..... *Suzanne Danco*
Bartolo ..... *Fernando Corena*
Marcellina ..... *Hilde Rössl Majdan*
Basilio ..... *Murray Dickie*
Barberina ..... *Anny Felbermayer*
Don Curzio ..... *Hugo Meyer-Welfing*
Antonio ..... *Harold Pröglhöf*

CHORUS OF THE VIENNA STATE OPERA. THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. conductor: ERICH KLEIBER. 4 – 12 inch records with complete vocal score.

XLLA.35 $19.92

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE *(The Magic Flute)*

Tamino ..... *Leopold Simoneau*
Pamina ..... *Hilde Gueden*
Papageno ..... *Walter Berry*
Queen of the Night ..... *Wilma Lipp*
Sarastro ..... *Kurt Boehme*
Papagena ..... *Emmy Loose*
Speaker ..... *Paul Schoeffler*
Monostatos ..... *August Joresch*

Supporting Cast
CHORUS OF THE VIENNA STATE OPERA. THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. conductor: KARL BÖHM. 3 – 12 inch records with complete vocal score.

XLLA.33 $14.94

DON GIOVANNI

Don Giovanni ..... *Cesare Siepi*
Leporello ..... *Fernando Corena*
Don Ottavio ..... *Anton Dermota*
Donna Anna ..... *Suzanne Danco*
Donna Elvira ..... *Lisa Della Casa*
Zerlina ..... *Hilde Gueden*
Masetto ..... *Walter Berry*
Commendatore ..... *Kurt Boehme*

CHORUS OF THE VIENNA STATE OPERA. THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. conductor: JOSEF KRIPS. 4 – 12 inch records with complete vocal score.

XLLA.34 $19.92

Another PUCCINI TRIUMPH on ffrr

TURANDOT

Turandot ..... *Inge Borkh*
Calaf ..... *Mario del Monaco*
Liu ..... *Renata Tebaldi*
Timur ..... *Nicola Zaccaria*
Ping ..... *Fernando Corena*
Pang ..... *Mario Carlin*
Pong ..... *Renato Ercolini*
Altoum ..... *Gaetano Fanelli*
Mandarin ..... *Ezio Giordano*

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA OF L'ACCADEMIA DI SANTA CECILIA, ROME
conductor: ALBERTO EREDE
3–12 inch records with Italian-English libretto.

XLLA.36 $14.94

LONDON® RECORDS

TRUE HIGH ffrr FIDELITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED